

SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN—MAY 5th-11th

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH,
Founder

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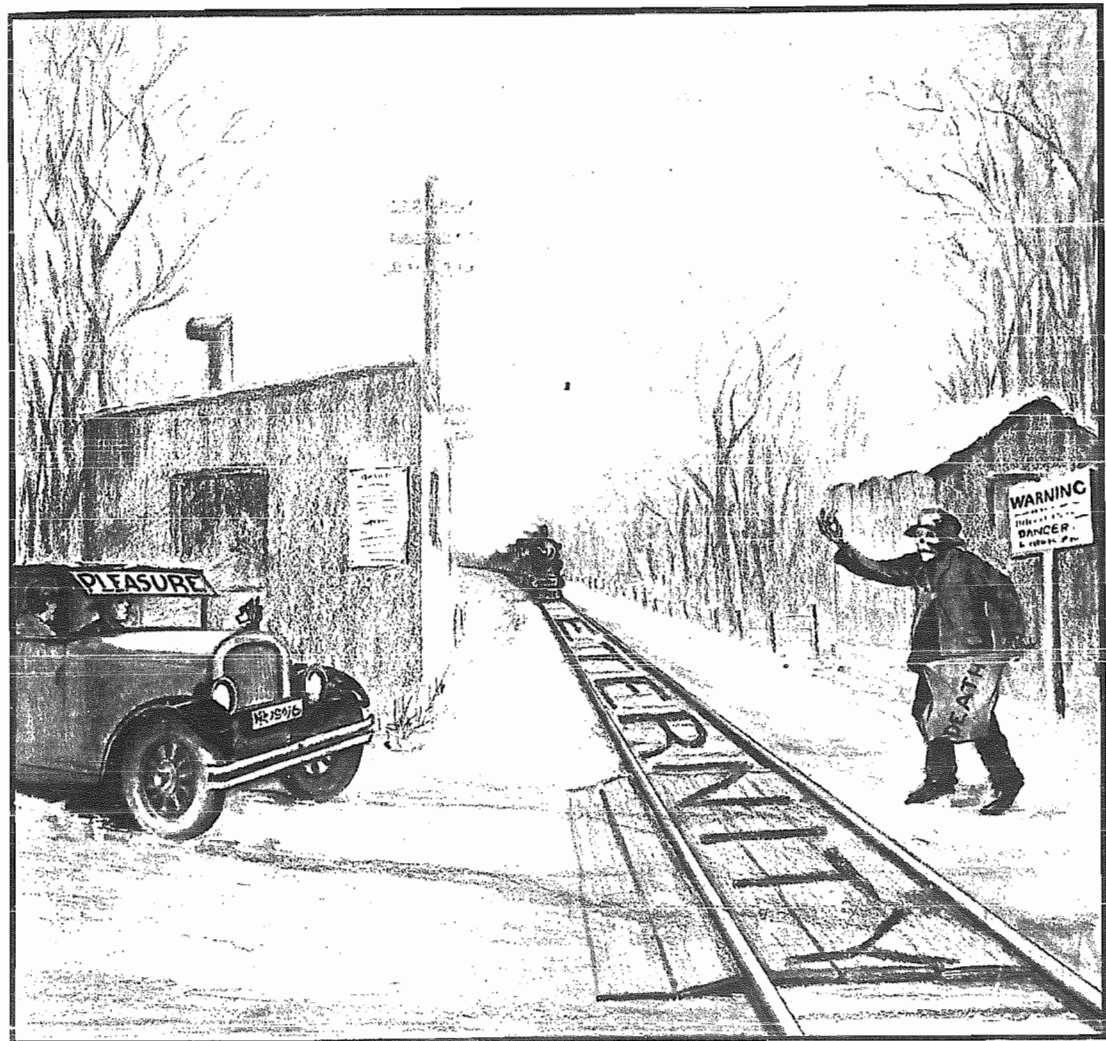
IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



With acknowledgments to the New York "Life."

"Come on," says Death, "take your chance, you may be able to make it."

Yes, and suppose you decide, on the wild impulse of the moment, to heed the old man's suggestion, and to "Take your chance," and suppose you don't "make it"—what then?

Having once crossed the line—the single track between you and death—the line of eternity—what then? What then—I say. What after death for you remains?

Do not forget the words of Holy Writ—as true to-day as when they were first recorded—"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Pleasure is a fickle jade; Death is a persistent beckoner, but once in his keeping there is no turning back. "The children of the foolish are far from safety."

"He careth for You!"

1 Peter, 5: 7

Oh, cast all your care on the Saviour of men,
When tempests shall buffet you sore,
When breakers shall sweep you again and again,
Close in to some perilous shore:
The Saviour has charted both headland and shoal,
Each morning His mercies are new,
As you steer by His grace to the heavenly goal,
Remember—"He careth for you."

The homestead may bury the settlers' fond hopes,
Or friends may be called from his side,
His sad spirit often in weariness grope,
Wondering that Christ is his guide.
God's Word is so simple to wayfarers men,
And it makes the road clear to the view,
O'er prairie and mountain, through forest and glen,
My comrade, "He careth for you."

In the vast space of a great solitude,
Or the sad loneliness of a town,
Wherever the spirit of evil shall brood,
And all goodness and grace seem cast down,
Remember Christ Jesus who conquered the grave,
He loved us through death—it is true,
And He is abundantly still able to save,
My comrade, "He careth for you."
Alfred Arrowmitch,
Weyburn, Sask.

Do We Mean It?

A STORY is told of old Rastus, a Southern Negro, who used to pray every night, "O Lord, take me up to Heaven tonight." Some of his friends who knew this decided to test his sincerity. So they climbed up on the roof of his cabin one night and called down the chimney, "Rastus!" No answer, "Rastus!" Still no answer. And again, "Rastus!" From somewhere in the cabin came the smothered sound of a man's voice saying, "Who's there?" "It's God, come to take you up to Heaven," the jokers answered. "Say, boss, Rastus done left three days ago, and he ain't come back yet." Do we pray, "Thy kingdom come," and really mean it, or are we in Rastus' class?

Above the Clouds, the Sky is Blue

YES, and always blue. Clouds are fleeting, never stationary. Blue is the color ever, though clouds at times obscure the vision. Tomorrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy today. Faint heart never won fair lady, or even a lady not quite so fair. Timid heart, be strong! fear not, thy God reigneth! The Christian should fear nothing but sin. Even the devil fleeth when bravely resisted. There is a hole at the other end of the tunnel. The blue sky of God's sweet love abideth ever.

Your hand in God's hand makes you omnipotent. blinded by unbelief, men see not the bright light in the clouds. To patient faith the prize is sure. Hope on, hope ever. Shouts of victory float already from the heavenly heights, and songs of triumph will come on the wings of the morning.

Dangerous Curiosity

A young fellow, sixteen years old, had the curiosity to know how it would seem to swallow a handful of carpet tacks. He was cautioned against it, but he was reckless and curious, and so he swallowed them. He suffered a great deal, but lived for a month before he died.

There are a great many other people who suffer from the things they swallow out of curiosity. Men go to see bad pictures, and both men and women read bad books, and go to see immoral plays, and excuse themselves by doing it by saying, "I do not approve of such things, but I am curious to read or see everything."

It is worse than swallowing tacks. The tacks only kill the body, but the impure sights and sounds, and the unclean atmosphere deteriorate and finally destroy the soul.

You can't scare the man who gets his courage from the Lord.

Said a little boy to his mother, who was very poor, and whom God had wonderfully helped, "Mother, I think God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

The Passing of Rebecca Jarrett

Removes another link with The Army's thrilling past and the fight for endangered girlhood

ONE of the most stirring episodes in The Army's history has been recalled by the promotion to Glory of Rebecca Jarrett, who was associated with the General and Mr. W. T. Stead in the "Maiden Tribute" case, the culminating chapter in the successful effort to protect young girls from the evils of white-slave traffickers.



In the year 1885 the General took part, with the late W. T. Stead, in the "Maiden Tribute" agitation. In this connection he was charged at the Old Bailey, London, Eng., but was acquitted. (See article).

Early in life she was associated with this vicious business. But it was while on a visit to Northampton that she fell on very evil days and, when in a distressing condition, she was found by a well-known Officer of that day, who worked patiently and persistently in seeking to lead Rebecca to Salvation. She helped her in many ways, and, in due course, had her transferred to our first Rescue Home in London, a small house in Whitechapel.

Mrs. Booth had taken charge of this Home and was almost overwhelmed by the terrible conditions she found. The age of consent in Britain was then only thirteen, and it was to her an appalling revelation to find that these young girls—really children—were daily arrested and hurried to the police as common prostitutes after being abandoned by their destroyers. Those who first came under her care were all young girls in their teens. Some only eleven and twelve years of age.

She learned, too, that a trade was carried on in these young lives between England and the Continent, and that it involved such anguish and degradation as, in her opinion, could not be matched by any trade in human beings known to history.

Thinking of the miseries of these poor creatures Mrs. Booth, then a young wife and mother, cried herself to sleep night after night. Gradually her husband, our present General, became aware that there was no exaggeration in the stories she was hearing day after day, and the revelations nearly broke his heart. He set himself to the task of arousing the country to a knowledge of the horrible condition of the girls on the streets and of the white-slave traffic carried on with other countries.

To Force Parliament

If the public could be brought to know the actual facts, the General felt sure that Parliament would be forced to act. Hence he conferred with various friends and afterward consulted W. T. Stead, then Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette." The General told Stead that he had four women in the next room whom he might interview for himself. They came in, one by one, and their stories were elicited by Mr. Stead. Three of these outcasts were girls under sixteen, the other was Rebecca Jarrett.

How Mr. Stead acted is now history, and after the two men had taken counsel and prayed together, they set out very cautiously upon their plan of campaign. They needed absolute first-hand evidence.

To secure this Rebecca offered to serve. She knew the method by which these girls of tender age were procured, and although it is unnecessary to detail the horrible routine here, it is enough to say that she purchased a girl and went through the sickening transaction, proving conclusively that the awful traffic was carried on without considerable difficulty.

Rebecca Jarrett thus made it possible for a smashing blow to be struck at this hydra-headed monster, and soon the heart of Christendom was stirred. The "Pall Mall Gazette" of July 6, 1885, in which Mr. Stead described the Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon, took the British public by storm in a way that can hardly be paralleled in newspaper history. The hot waves of public feeling quickly swelled and lapped up to the doors of the House of Commons.

The victory was won, but the enemy then took advantage of a technicality, and to the amazement and horror of thousands of Englishmen, Stead, Bramwell Booth, and Rebecca Jarrett, with others, had to stand their trial for breaking the very law which their effort had brought into being. These champions of the helpless—Stead and Rebecca Jarrett—were sent to jail. Stead was sentenced to six months and Rebecca for six. The General and those involved with him in the case were acquitted. All honour to those who shared in this notable victory!

Terrible Battles

When her sentence was completed Rebecca Jarrett was a home Mrs. Josephine Butler had opened. It was felt that there would be less publicity for her under Mrs. Butler's care. She had felt her imprisonment very keenly. Again and again she almost yielded to despair. Mrs. Bramwell Booth and others spent hours with her in her terrible battles with discouragement and other evils. Their prayers, their love, and faith prevailed, and by the blessing of God she conquered. For a time this redeemed soul assisted in the rescue of girls and women. Long ago, however, she returned to Mrs. Booth's care and was comfortably accommodated at 259 Mare Street, Hackney, and was thoroughly at home there until the day of her death.

Since July of last year she had been confined to her bed. During these days she was reminded that she had been able to see the Founder when she crossed the River. Her face shone as she lifted her hand and shouted "Hallelujah!"

Commissioner Catherine Booth kept in close touch with Rebecca, who so loved, and who was so greatly indebted to, her mother and grandmother. On the occasion of the last visit, her message was: "Give Mrs. Booth all my love: tell her I'm ready and I'm going Home."

Her General had already written of her. "She has done well." Now she has entered into the joy of her Lord and heard His "Well done." The funeral service in Abney Park Cemetery was conducted by Commissioner Lamb, assisted by Commissioner Catherine Booth, who told of the conflicts and victories of this great trophy. She demonstrated joy in the long years of quietude and consistent Salvationism that the work done in her heart in Northampton, nearly forty-five years ago, was of God.

Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Job 4: 12-21. "Shall mortal man be more just than God?" Men pride themselves on being just, but the most perfect justice earth can give is as nothing to that which God gives to each and all of His creatures. Infinite in love and wisdom; knowing and seeing all, He cannot make mistakes. The Judge of all the earth shall unfailingly and eternally do right.

Monday, Job 5: 1-16. "I would seek unto God." Eliphaz says what he would do if in Job's circumstances. But we can only understand trouble when we have been through it ourselves. Then, after having proved God's help, our words, however low or faltering, will have power to soothe and comfort the sad and suffering. They will feel and realize that we know what we are talking about.

Tuesday, Job 5: 17-27. "Despise not the chastening of the Almighty." If God gives you much suffering it is a sign that He wishes to make you a great saint. His furnaces always purify. Unusual love and unusual grace have always reached the saints in the shape of unusual trials and unusual afflictions. God rarely, if ever, makes the educating process a painless one, when He wants remarkable results. (Selected.)

Wednesday, Job 6: 1-14. "Oh, that I might have my request!" How many have lived to thank God for unanswered prayers! Here Job goes on to entreat God for death, not knowing the great and wonderful blessings in store for him. "Not my weak longings, Lord fulfill."

But rather do Thy perfect will: For all things and wish for things Which, granted bring heart festiveness; Let me but know that I am blind; Let me but trust Thee, wondrous kind!

Thursday, Job 6: 15-20. "The speeches of one that is desperate." Since one has said, "It consoles us in affliction that in our sighs and tears and groans we are not alone; that others have felt just as we do, that others, too, have cried unto God 'out of the depths,' and that after they have suffered awhile He gave them 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'"

Friday, Job 7: 1-10. "Wearisome nights are appointed to me." Have you ever thanked God for His gracious gift of sleep? Perhaps you fall asleep directly your head touches the pillow, and then wake up with aching limbs. There are many like Job who spend weary nights "full of tossings to and fro." Such trying times can bring blessing instead of irritation if the sleepless one will but lie still and quietly pray, or repeat verses from God's Word, or the Army Song Book.

Sunday, Job 7: 11-21. "I would not live always." Modern medical science has so improved health conditions that people on the whole live longer now than they used to do. But even with the best earthly surroundings we would not want to live for ever, for the weariness of fleeting joys and changing circumstances. Far better to go at the Saviour's call. "To the bliss and the rest that remaineth for ever, In the beautiful Land just over the River."

Don't Buy a Revolver to Shoot a Butterfly

IT isn't worth the trouble, and as for the expense, it's a sheer waste of the current coin of the realm. Butterflys are too insignificant to require revolver-practice. Don't get into a fury about the half of nothing, a little fly, and failings. A butterfly can be dealt with by gentle admonitions, loving suasions, and warm, forgive-it-all kisses.

A sledge-hammer is not necessary to crack a black-beetle. The thin end of a small poker will do the job just as well. Don't deal out a big punishment for a small offence, and lose your good temper and spoil the peace of "Home, sweet home," arguing as to whether it was a cut or a burn.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY

Pays "En route to Australia" Visit to the Territorial Centre Mrs Commissioner Mapp also a Welcome Guest

SOME real Spring Days have been the pleasureable lot of Winnipeg during recent days. We mention this meteorological fact so that one will understand that our spirits were keyed right to give the happy welcome to the ever-welcome visitors—those who by past service and present associations have made for themselves a comradely place in the affections of Canadian Salvationists—Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp.

The visit has been all too short, but we are happy in that we live on the edge of the World's Highways, and that The Army route, and the picturesque way, to the Australasian continents runs past our dwellings, and we do occasionally get a glimpse of our Leaders and Heroes.

Fresh from special Army Gatherings in New York and Chicago, which, we were told by the Commissioner, have once more emphasized the throbbing comradeship and Salvation enthusiasm of those important centres; fresh also from contact with the purposefulness of the "Down East" brothers and sisters, he came to us. Always a figure of robust and contagious Armyism is our genial International Secretary, but this time, right from the moment he alighted on Friday morning at the C.P.R. depot, until he re-took his way Westward on Saturday night, he re-energized our spirits—took us into his confidence—and gave us another cheer across the Field.

A Staff Gathering

There was an "At Home" feeling, enhanced by the beautiful evening breezes telling of the coming longer days and shorter nights, about the Staff Gathering at the Garrison on Friday evening. The closeness of the contact was good; the ease of the situation was freedom; and it was just a family party. We speak like this so that you who read may understand the exact filial feeling which had possession of us when we were hearing about the General and Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff, and our other Leaders at International Headquarters. The news of recent British advances thrilled us, and nerved us for our own fight. It was

good, too, to have those special messages from our American and Toronto comrades, and to know that all over the Continent there is a war being waged with a prospect of victory for our Master and Lord.

Naturally the time of the visit was not all taken up in functions of such character; we had a sense that the hours were all too few for the important conversations which were a necessity, and for some of the decisions which we believe may have far-reaching effect; it is part of our Army life to expect things to happen when our International Visitors come to us. However, these are things not for us—merely mention them now in this "removed" manner in order that it may be understood that there is a very distinct purpose in these journeyings about the World, and that we do, with cheerful and delightful readiness, order our goings and stayings in accordance with the wishes of our Leaders.

But Commissioner Mapp could not well come to Winnipeg, even if but for a few hours, without his faithful Soldier friends having an opportunity of seeing and hearing him; and it is not a matter for surprise that the Citadel was gorged—exactly so—on Saturday night for the Musical Welcome and Au Revoir Demonstration which Commissioner Rich had planned for the occasion. An event made all the happier,

let us emphasize it, by reason of Mrs. Mapp's presence with us.

With a crowded house, and an enthusiastic soldiery crowding it, one can imagine the sort of an evening we had. It was a case of "come early for any sort of a seat," and the younger fry who had done so, and comfortably esconced themselves, yielded to necessity and courtesy (some of them) and gave up their points of vantage to their elders. The singing went over with a bang—there was a comradely reverberation about everything. The Citadel Band was superb in its musical renderings; we weren't stay to particularise, except to say that the oldtime chorus is still ringing in our ears:—

"Christ is all, yes, all in all, Christ is all in all."

It is not that fact, Salvationists everywhere, that makes us such a glad host—such a one-another concern—that we have One Lord, Who is all-in-all to every one of us?

Commissioner Rich made the best of chairman, introducing—save the mark—our visitors. He led us in those singings which put us all on our feet, and paved the way for those loyal references

which gained knitted us into "The One Salvation Army." Brigadier Taylor was choice in his Scripture reading—fraught with travelling benediction for our journeying guests. Lie Colonel Sims—just back from wanderings across prairie and mountain—came sailing in on the plea that to-

morrow was Y.P. Council Day, and so he forgot all about the Y.P. Delegates, and called us to a welcome of the Commissioner, in one of those racy eloquent speeches in which he reverts these days.

"Taking Soundings"

He struck the right note in that he gave Commissioner Mapp a theme and a talk which stirred us all—"Taking Soundings," said our guest, and he proceeded to recall some of those Early Days, and to cause us to renew our own conversations, so that from floor to ceiling there were going up prayers for opportunities for service, and vows from all hearts—young and old alike.

Mrs. Mapp recalled earlier visits to the City, and gently hinted at the passing of the years, and gladly affirmed the keeping grace of God throughout that period. She did not hold the fort for long, however, remembering that her husband was the speeding guest, and that she would have her turn on the morrow, and during other days when we shall be glad to have her in our midst.

But to conclude—it was one of those Meetings full of a surge of feeling; when memories are bestirred; vows renewed; comradeship re-affirmed; considerations made; and when we again saw seekers at the Mercy-Seat.

Major Frank Taylor was his own quiet and self-effacing usual; greeting the many comrades who look for his coming whenever the International Secretary is over here; and he had also his meed of public acknowledgment.

But glances at the clock revealed the fact that the evening was hurrying on, and that "Number One for Vancouver" was getting up steam, and so with a push and a crush out of the Citadel, and a crowd at the Depot to "God Speed" the Commissioner on his way, another episode closed, and now we shall watch for news from "Down Under" and these mighty Congresses which will soon be taking place among our "Same Old Army" comrades in the Sister Dominions.

WHAT to do with our younger Young People when the annual Y.P. Councils come around, and a claim for admission is made (which admission must be denied to certain applicants for age reasons) has constituted a problem with which our Leaders have wrestled for a long time past.

This was happily, if not successfully, solved when Commissioner and Mrs. Rich met a company of Young Folks, and their special interest in the Territorial Garrison Auditorium on a recent Saturday afternoon and evening. Our Leaders were assisted by a number of T.H.Q. Officers, the Divisional Staff, and City Corps Officers, whilst a number of Y.P. Officers, whose interest in their young charges was delightful to see, were also present.

A feeling something akin to awe, swept over the youthful audience on being seated in the beautifully equipped Auditorium. Many of the young folk had not previously seen the interior of the Training Garrison, and it was easy to see that they were on "holy ground." Wonder and pleasure alternated on every bright face. There was a privilege indeed.

At the call of Staff-Captain Steele the young folks rose to sing from the special song sheets, another privilege, and though somewhat subdued at first, the vocal power of the singers broadened out to considerable proportions before the close.

Devotional exercises were followed by a brief introductory speech made by Ensign Leighton. Having a special interest in the young people, and a Divisional Staff point, she voiced the pleasure of all concerned at the presence of our Territorial Leaders, who, in turn, received a welcome, such as only young folks can give, and which was only exceeded by the energetic response to Staff-Captain Steele's "Fire a volley!"

Under the Commissioner's unconventional presidency an instructive and by no means uninteresting programme occupied the main portion of the afternoon

and it was apparent from the seriousness with which the young folks "took in" the proceedings that the occasion was not unappreciated. An excellent paper, written by Jack Dawson of Brandon, and read by Gordon Kelly, Sherbrooke St., on the subject "Why I attend the Company Meeting," was well received. Corps Cadet Jack Lamb, Fort Rouge, did well with a paper entitled, "Why I am a Corps Cadet," and Guard Catherine Thomson, Winnipeg, Citadel, followed up a smart salute with a paper on "What Guardship means to me."

A youthful Bible character was made to live again, and provided food for juvenile thought, in the scripture reading by Mrs. Commissioner Rich. She strove to make her message understandable to her listeners, and emphasised many helpful lessons. The Young People showed their interest by readily answering the questions put to them by the speaker and it was noticed with interest that many closely consulted Bibles which they had brought with them. Altogether the Session was worth while, and was met with the spice of chorusing, singing, it, as the saying goes, "went down well."

The Young People had no need to leave the building during the interval between the Sessions, full provision being made at the Garrison for refreshment accommodation. Tea and coffee made the alfresco lunches which the visitors had brought with them, acceptable, especially amid such neat surroundings.

Some bright singing led off the evening session, and choruses were introduced, and old favorites proved their popularity once more. Needless to say, Adjutant Tom Mundy shone in this part of the proceedings, and the pianoforte kept up a

merry accompaniment under the active fingers of Lt.-Colonel Joy.

The Commissioner's topic, in acrostic form, and eminently suited for the occasion, was illustrated by objects which kept the audience awake throughout. Our Leader took good advantage of the "Eyegate" method of reaching the hearts and minds of his young hearers, and evidently not without some effect, for the Prayer-Meeting registered a goodly number of responses.

There were some fine quick-fire testimonies from the Young People before the gathering closed, and the singing, with fixed bayonets, of The Army Dosology, concluded an experiment which will, without doubt, be repeated another year.

Commr. and Mrs. Rich at Sherbrooke St.

NOT for a long while have the comrades of the Sherbrooke St. Corps been privileged to give a visit from Commissioner and Mrs. Rich. Sunday March 25th will, therefore, be remembered as a day quite out of the ordinary, and a time when God poured out freely of His blessings. Our Territorial Leaders were accompanied by the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele.

The Holiness Meeting was a season of gracious refreshing and we felt in a marked manner the wonderful presence of God. The Commissioner's inspiring comments helped us greatly and the chief message given by Mrs. Rich enlarged our vision for greater faith in God. Many hearts felt the impress of the truth and two seekers made a full surrender at the Mercy-Seat during the Prayer Meeting. The singing of a vocal quartette, composed

of men Cadets, was well appreciated by the audience and added to the morning's profit and pleasure.

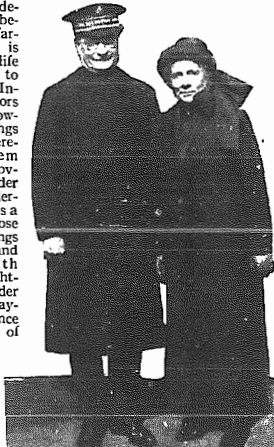
There was a crowded Hall for the evening Salvation Meeting and a full turnout of comrades and Band. A fine spirit was manifested throughout and the singing by the audience of the well-known songs was more than hearty. The Commissioner's address held the close attention of all and once again we saw the Mighty to Save as an immediate Deliverer. The unsaved were urged to make a decision and the backsliders invited to return to the Fold of God.

Faith and prayer united in the strenuously-fought Prayer-Meeting and we rejoiced with great joy to see six souls enter into a new relation with God. One of the seekers was a brother who struggled for many weary months to find light. He was a soldier who surrendered and afterwards gave his testimony.

It goes without saying that Captain and Mrs. Boyle, the comrades, and the Band rendered excellent assistance during the Meetings and give glory to God for answered prayer. Well done!

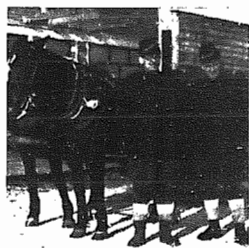
Before we close this all too brief account of a very happy day, may we also say we have received much blessing through our Brigade of men-Cadets and their influence in the district has been good. At a recent Saturday night Meeting at the Sherbrooke St. Corps, "Weighed in the Balance," and one soul was restored to God—S.M.R.

A minister was preaching about sin and strongly denouncing it. A gentleman said: "Don't speak so strongly." "Oh, would you have me speak mildly?" said the preacher. "Come and sit here." He took him aside and showed him a bottle of poison which he had by him for some chemical purposes. "Would you like me to change the label and put 'Essence of Peppermint'?" Well, that is what I will not do in dealing with the poison of sin. That is the Devil's way



THE visitation of lumber camps by Army Officers is a welcome diversion in the lonely lives of hundreds of forest workers and the following account of a trip in Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, made by Ensign Fugelsang and Captain Hill will be read no doubt, with interest. Writes the Captain:

After a hearty meal at the Officers' Quarters in Prince Albert (where Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang are stationed) we embarked on the train for Melfort, on the way to which we saw the rather unusual sight of a water tank on fire. On arrival at our destination we enjoyed



Ensign Fugelsang and Captain Hill in fighting trim for their 200-mile trip.

the hospitality of Adjutant and Mrs. Johnstone. At the Meeting that night we were pleased to meet Mr. Hansen, formerly of The Pas, who was the teamster for our trip to the woods last year.

Packing our bundles (six in all) next morning early, we caught the train to Tisdale at 6.30 a.m. This train is rightly named the "Crawler" and after much going forward and backward we arrived at 10.30 a.m. and had lunch. We then took train for Nipawin, where, on our arrival at 8.30 p.m. we were met by Ensign Little (in charge of The Army's work here) and who arranged for a team to take us through the bush. Whilst with the Ensign we visited a sick man who, since being laid aside has been converted through the instrumentality of our comrade. We played, prayed and sang and felt that God had blessed our efforts.

Fur Coats and Mocassins

After dinner (Saturday) we dressed for our 200 mile trip, fur coats, mocassins and thick lumbermen's socks being necessary. Our first stop was at Camp "B", eighteen miles north of Nipawin. About 170 men are employed here and we were heartily welcomed by the foreman and camp clerk. A good hearty meal was provided by our friends, and arrangements were made for a Meeting. Slides were shown on a screen, and our musical items given with cornet, euphonium, guitar, mouth-organ and "Home Sweet Home" on the tin were greatly appreciated. Many old Gospel songs were sung from the song sheets provided and the old story of the Cross proclaimed. We urged these rough lumbermen to take the Saviour into their lives and we saw evidences of the working of the Holy Spirit.

A sixteen mile drive further on brought us to the Petaigen stopping place where, after a short rest and breakfast we visited Camp "A" for the Sunday morning service. We made this long journey to enable us to make two camps on Sunday.

After dinner we journeyed to the Saskatchewan warehouse, fourteen miles distant. One of our horses took sick and had to have immediate attention.

With the Lumbermen of the North

The Interesting Adventures of Two Army Officers who Braved the Elements to Visit Lonely Forest Camps

Here is located the headquarters for the upper section of the camps situated on the Saskatchewan River. At this place, 110 miles from the railroad is found a very fine office with all standard equipment, with Mr. Douglas Phaen in charge. Here also were Mr. J. MacDonald, Superintendent in charge of logging operations; Mr. E. Kennedy, Assistant Superintendent and Mr. Jack Mulhall who has the supervision of over 400 horses used in the bush during winter operations. These men, well known to the writer, reside in The Pas, and The Army is held high in their esteem. We had supper here and then drove five miles to Camp "C", to return later to the warehouse for a service.

The teamster who drove us to Camp "C" was a very earnest Christian and informed us that he has two sisters who are medical missionaries, one laboring in South America. He related to us his experience of conversion after being sick for over a year with cancer of the face, and he is now cured. At the camp we held our service in the large bunk house with 140 men present. We closed our Meeting about 10 p.m., having put in a very busy but useful Sabbath.

Met Missionary Officers

On Monday morning we returned to the warehouse to find our horse still sick and unable to travel the balance of the trip. At the warehouse is located the camp hospital, having accommodation for sixteen. Dr. Netherfield, in charge, has labored in China, leaving there last summer on account of troublous times. He informed us that on his way to Canada he had met two well known Canada West Missionary Officers, Ensign Ada Irwin of Korea and Captain Grace Hoddinott of China.

Music and song cheered the ten patients in the hospital and afterward we had dinner with the doctor and patients. We then left for Camp 4, arriving at supper time. Much of the distance was made on foot as the sleighing was too heavy for one horse. Out of the 145 men who gathered for the service, the writer noticed a large number of the men who when in The Pas are regular attendants at The Army Meetings.

A Lonely Grave

Resuming our journey we passed the lonely grave of a lumberjack amid the stately evergreens. It is the grave of one Fred Cartwright, who was drowned on the ice of logs some four years ago. His mother resides in Winnipeg. A large plain wooden cross marks the grave and a railing has been placed around it, showing that care and attention has been given although the location is over one hundred miles from the railroad.

We anticipated journeying from Camp 4 across a gap of fifty-five miles to Camp 1 by "catapult" tractor, but found on arrival at the camp that the machine was in need of repairs. There are three caterpillar tractors in the bush this winter, each capable of hauling ten or twelve loaded sleighs of logs, each one taking the place of about forty horses. From here we sent our teamster with the one horse back to Nipawin and we started out to walk the gap, completing fourteen miles to the company's farm located on the Sipanok Channel, that

afternoon. Here are grown a large portion of the vegetables needed for the camps and which are stored in a large rock house. Word had been "phoned in" that a tote or freight train was coming through from Camp 4 to Camp 1 and that we might journey with it, thus saving a forty-five mile walk.

At 6 a.m. we left the farm and, after travelling sixteen miles through the tall, stately pines we came to Misery Camp Stopping Place on the Carrot River. Here we built a fire and loaded our bread on a stick. Although eating out in the open, in zero weather, the steak, pie, toast and tea was delicious beyond description. We put our camp fire out, and sixteen more miles of walking and riding brought us to the Carrot River warehouse, just fifty miles from The Pas. Four years ago this was a busy spot where all supplies for the camps were stored, being taken there by boat. There now remain just a few buildings, the rest being moved to other scenes of activity. After supper we sang many old hymns, and although only about half a dozen men were present, had an enjoyable evening, light being provided by pressed rags (using fat left from supper) placed in an old tin can.

Along the route of travel we saw many moose and deer and at times as many as four or five being seen at once within a few yards of the trail. The animals were not in the least disturbed but went on eating young willow trees. We passed through some wonderful timber country, the road being along the bank of the mighty Saskatchewan River. Occasionally we passed a trapper and his lonely hut.

An Up-to-Date Plant

At Camp 1 we found an up-to-date plant, consisting of thirteen modern buildings, including office, cookhouse, file shack, four bunk houses, blacksmith shop, electric light plant, laundry and a large barn built of logs for housing seventy horses. Also located here was a storehouse, two big garages for the "Dinkys" and a pig pen. When coming upon this Camp in the midst of the bush it gives one the impression of a small town. One hundred and eighty men are employed here.

We found at Camp 1 as at other camps, that the men are well looked after; the laundry enabling the men to have a clean change of clothing weekly. No wooden bunks are used but all camps are now supplied with steel, sagless springs and comfortable mattresses. The very best of food is provided. Two hundred pounds of butter are used in each camp a week and one two hundred pound pig is consumed in one camp for a Sunday dinner.

At this camp also, there is a splendid iced road, the grooves of which are kept in condition by applications of water daily, supplied from huge water tanks, drawn by a six-horse outfit. Over the iced road the "dinky", a steam engine of the caterpillar type, with sleigh runners in front, hauls upwards of twenty loaded sleighs, each containing as much as a hundred logs.

By the kind arrangement of the foreman we had our Meeting in the cookhouse with about 160 men present who were

anxious to hear the Gospel message in music and song. Here our 500 lantern slides were well received, being much clearer because of the electric light. At other camps it was necessary to use acetylene gas. A favorite song of the men of all camps was "The Old Rugged Cross" and many requests were made for songs about "Mother". The next morning we had several good, helpful talks with some of the men working around the camp. This was also done at other camps as opportunity served.

Immediately after dinner at Camp 1 we left by freight train for Camp 2, situated seven miles across Murphy Lake from Camp 1. A splendid set of buildings are here and 150 men employed. We held our service in the large bunk house and did not close until 10 p.m. as on Saturday night lights are not put out until this hour; other nights the men "hit the hay" at nine o'clock.

Lost on the Lake

Following the Meeting we had lunch, then proceeded by small jumper-sled, back to Camp 1. The driver unfortunately missed his way when on the lake and we had visions of spending the night out in the open. We eventually retraced our way and found the correct road, arriving at midnight. We were up at 6.30 Sunday morning as we were anxious to be off for The Pas, 35 miles distant, for the night Meeting.

Now came the last lap of the journey, which was twenty-five miles across an open lake with a fierce wind blowing. There were many drifts of snow to be encountered but we plodded on and after a twelve-mile walk came to the teamsters' dinnering place. We only stopped long enough to adjust our packs and then were off for the last thirteen miles, this time facing a binding snowstorm. The last mile or two was a hard struggle but we were encouraged by one of the northern aeroplanes flying over us shortly before we reached town, and seeing it land on the outskirts of The Pas. We arrived at 4.20 p.m. making an average of four and a half miles per hour.

After some refreshments and a rest at the home of Treasurer and Mrs. Robertson,



A Lumber Camp in the Forest

we proceeded to the Meeting where we were made welcome and where it was indeed a joy to meet old friends. Monday was spent in visitation and we boarded the train for Prince Albert. Although much in need of rest after our strenuous trip, we arrived home feeling our efforts had not been in vain and with a prayer on our lips that God would be with and bless the many hundreds of lumberjacks at work in "The Land of the Lobstick Pine".

In conclusion we would like to express our heartiest appreciation of the manner in which the men of the camps and their overseers treated us. God bless them all!



1.—The "Dinky" that hauls 20 loaded logging sleighs. 2.—A group of interested listeners at Camp "A." 3.—A Far-North trapper's dog team.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

THE unfortunate spell of sickness which attacked Colonel Miller in Vancouver, and prevented his attendance at the Victoria Y.P. Councils, is yielding to treatment, and it is confidently hoped that he will be back again at the Territorial Centre during the next few days.

Just prior to leaving for the Coast the Colonel had felt some inconvenience owing to ear trouble, but with characteristic pluck went ahead with his plans.

It has been a trying episode for Mrs. Miller, who is at home in Winnipeg—not much less, perhaps, than for the Chief Secretary himself. However, we are glad to make this happy announcement.

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETING

WE were right away from our usual gait on Friday, March 23rd. We had the Cadets with us; and a brave show they made—filling the spacious Citadel platform almost to overflowing. We had the Cadet Band and Singing Party too, and we were consequently not wanting in tuneful melody.

Brigadier Carter retained the command of the Meeting, and all the "usuals" took a silent seat. The thoughtful testimonies from many of our young comrades, heard so definitely on the great theme of the Meeting, were very cheering to our own spirits.

Cadets Townsend and Allan gave us special "Seven minute sermons" (the word is the Principal's). Don't quarrel with us—Ed., on New Testament Holiness and Cadets Duxbury and Beck ditto with the same subject from an Old Testament standpoint. Immensely good, to the point, and fervent. We were glad that Brigadier Carter shut down on the clapping.

The Prayer-Meeting was indeed a time of helpfulness and victory for many souls and once more we rejoiced over a well filled Mercy-Seat. Cadets' Night was a real spiritual treat—for young and old.

The following Friday, March 30th, was another special occasion—one in a lengthening list of such. In spite of the fact that there was a special hub-bub of another character entirely filling the outside atmosphere, indoors we had a splendid crowd and a real heart-to-heart time.

The Cadets had braved the honors of the way, and were with us in full force in spirit and lung-power; and so our songs were uplifted again and again. The screened songs and illustrative settings were once more exceedingly helpful. So were the well enunciated readings—by Ensigns in the "Epistles" and "The Founder's Message" by Corps Cadet Margery Joy.

One speciality was an illustrated song depicting the Apostle Peter's release from prison—"Glory to God for the broken chains," and when Adjutant Mundy took the desk with his most happily convulsed and soul-helping address on that old saint, and his lessons therefrom for our up-to-date experiences, we realised the oneness of our weekly fare.

Staff-Captain Steele's control of the Meeting, and his leadership of our song and prayers brought us into close touch with the realities of the evening's subject and once more we rejoiced in definite durations at the Mercy-Seat.

A Pound of Pluck is Worth a Ton of Luck

YES, and a bit more. Pluck says, "I'll do and dare." Luck says, "Wait and see." Pluck waits for something to turn up; pluck rolls up its sleeves, and goes and turns it up. When a brave, industrious man succeeds, the wiseacres say, "Lucky!" but those who are in the know say, "Plucky!"

Pluck stands for hard work and sticking to it; while Luck too often stands for idleness, and a lot of it. Pluck inspired Palissy to place the lovely glaze on the plate, and Stephenson to make and perfect the mighty locomotive. Pluck inspired Faraday to make his wonderful chemical discoveries, and Arkwright to invent the labor-saving spinning-jenny.

Pluck wrought modern miracles of grace through John Hunt among the cannibal Fijians. The world, as never before, cares for men of pluck, resolution and devotion, and gives the "old done" only and ever to the men and women who are indomitable and unconquerable.



Winnipeg, April 4th

Mrs. Commissioner Mapp is booked to conduct an interesting event on April 10th—Founder's Birthday; the unveiling of the memorial busts of the Founder and the Army Mother at the Training Garrison. A Commemorative Demonstration will be conducted by our own Commissioner on the evening of the same day.

It is not often that a Daily Paper has Mercy-Seat news in its columns; it is refreshing to read in the Port Arthur "News-Chronicle" the following paragraph:

"Friday night the Soldiers from Port Arthur Corps united with the Corps at Fort William, and out of fifty-one of a congregation present had eight at the Mercy-Seat; four who were standing aimlessly at the street corner followed in from the Open-Air Meeting, and two of them came out for Salvation."

Commandant Carroll has had his mind stirred and his soul blessed by our recent remarks on "Hand-clapping versus Saying 'Amen'." On a recent occasion when our own D.C. asked the youngsters to "Fire a volley" they stood in silent bewilderment; if somebody had said, "Give him a good clap" they would have understood; but why should we do as the Gentiles do?

Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, recently received a donation from a dear friend whose generosity had been stirred by reading of "Bessie" in the "Epistles of Hephzibah," a graciously kindly note also came with the humble offering.

We are glad to note the continued activity of our old and valued comrades—Ensign and Mrs. McGill; always acceptable specials, they recently spent a helpful week-end at Victoria Corps. God bless them.

We sincerely sympathize with Captain Harold Martin, who has suffered bereavement in the passing of his father. Our promoted comrade was a staunch Salvationist in Old Dundee, and at one time suffered imprisonment in the service of The Army. Captain Martin's parents also enjoyed the

honour of having been the principal parties in the first Army wedding to have been held in the North of Scotland.

We also sympathize with Lieutenant Grace Ferguson, of Chilliwack, in the death of her dear mother at Kam-sack.

Territorial Headquarters wears a cheerful air once more; Major Oake has returned from his affairs at the Coast.

We are delighted to hear that our various Winnipeg Hospital patients are progressing towards recovery; this refers particularly to Mrs. Ensign Majury, Mrs. Ensign Capon, and Mrs. Captain King. We are always glad to report news of this nature.

There is a newishy who Soldiers at Vancouver IV. One night, after delivering his papers, he hurried to the Meeting, and when testimonies were called for, he jumped to his feet, and said, "Well, I know my hands are dirty, and I don't know what my face is like, but I do know my heart is clean!"

An interesting event is billed for the afternoon of Sunday, April 15th, at Winnipeg Citadel—no less than a Local Composers' Festival (ahem!) Seems to us that not every band nor City can rise to the heights. Everybody is heartily invited to join with us.

Lieutenant Florrie Walker of Vermilion has been operated upon for appendicitis, the operation being entirely successful. Our sympathies and congratulations, sister.

The foreman suddenly caught sight of one of his laborers resting on an upturned bucket, and his indignation was immediately roused.

Striding up to the man he shook him violently by the shoulder.

"Now, then," he cried, "up you get and shift some of them bricks, me lad! The labourer hesitated.

"I don't feel well, gov'nor," he answered sadly. "I'm trembling all over."

"Oh, all right," returned the foreman, brutally indifferent to the other's suffering, "catch 'old o' this 'ere sieve, then."

MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH

Presides at Home St. Home League Annual Supper

Wednesday, March 21st, was the occasion of the Annual Supper for the families of our members, and about one hundred sat down to the supper, which was presided over by Mrs. Commissioner Rich, who was supported by Mrs. Colonel Miller and Staff-Captain Steele. After the meal we enjoyed a short program and speeches from Mrs. Miller and the Divisional Commander. Mrs. Adjutant Mundy contributed a solo. We also heard from Brother Chable, representing the husbands, and Sister Cawson, the Home League. The Treasurer's report was enlightening. We are now starting on another year's work sure in the knowledge that God will help us. —L.N.S.

Lt.-Commissioner Duce Promoted to Glory



NEWS of the promotion of Lt.-Commissioner Charles Duce from London, Eng., has been received in Winnipeg. The Commissioner has had a long and varied Officership, among his various appointments being terms in the London Slum work, many important posts in Great Britain, and two periods of service in Japan—and also in India—as indicated by the above photo. His last active work was in connection with The Army Immigration Service, when he acted as Secretary at Migration House, and thus had a direct interest in affairs in Canada. Canada West comrades will extend comradely sympathy to Mrs. Duce, but will rejoice in the sure and certain reward to which our comrade has now attained.

Cyril Row of Chilliwack Promoted

Brother Cyril Row was called very suddenly to meet God. He came into Vancouver for a few days holiday prior to taking another position, and stayed at The Army Hostel. He attended Meetings at several of the City Corps, taking part in them all, and giving a good testimony. Thursday evening he returned from the Meeting as usual, and retired to bed, but on Friday morning Captain Sinclair found him in great distress, and it was soon found necessary to remove him to the hospital. The following day he was operated upon, and later in the day he died.

The Funeral Service was conducted on Tuesday by Commandant Spearing, assisted by Captain Sinclair. The Corps Officers and a number of Chilliwack comrades were present, Brother Clarke who came to this country with our promoted comrade, speaking of their Corps association, and of their work on the farm together.

A Memorial Service was held at the Hostel the following Sunday. Major James being in charge. Commandant Spearing, who has greatly interested himself in our comrade's physical and spiritual welfare, spoke, as did Captain Sinclair. Major James gave a helpful address, following which five came to the Mercy-Seat—a splendid tribute to the life of one who fought so faithfully. A Memorial Service was also held at Chilliwack.

Brother Row came to Canada under the auspices of The Army, four years ago, and for the past year has worked in Chilliwack, where he was converted, and is now situated as a Soldier. His loved ones are all in the Old Land, and our prayers are assiduously for them.

"God Save the Queen"

Queen Mary Pays a Surprise Visit to Army Women's Institution

Her Majesty Queen Mary recently paid a surprise visit to the famous Women's Hostel and Shelter which The Army maintains in Hanbury Street, Whitechapel. There is something happily significant in the fact that she saw there; she paid high tribute

to the work of that particular institution and to The Army and its leaders. This institution is historical in Army circles in that it was here Mrs. Bramwell Booth, soon after the birth of her own eldest daughter, Catherine, interviewed the first woman to enter an Army Home, and which meeting led to the foundation of our Women's Social Work.

There is something happily significant in the fact that Commissioner Catherine Booth, then an infant lying asleep on two

chairs, is now in charge of the Women's Social operations in Great Britain and very much awake to the great needs of her important work.

Her Majesty showed an understanding interest in the circumstances of the women, and spoke to many of them. She was much amused and not altogether unmoved, when one of the

old ladies, aged 71, struck up in a quavering voice, "God save our gracious Queen."

We are fortunate in being able to give herewith a reproduction of the Queen's signature in the visitor's book.

Handwritten signature of Queen Mary
16. March 1928

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder—General William Booth
General—Braswell BoothInternational Headquarters
London, EnglandTerritorial Commander,
1st-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$1.00 prepaid. Address: The Publisher, Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

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General Order

SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN, 1928

The annual week of Self-Denial will be observed in Canada West Territory from May 5 to 11. After March 24 no Disconnection of a financial character (except on behalf of the Self-Denial Fund) may take place in any Corps until the Campaign is closed, without the consent of Territorial Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this General Order is observed.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

To be Captain:

Lieutenant Elythe More, Kamloops.

APPOINTMENT—

Captain R. Boyes from Glen Vowell School to

Wrennall, Divisional Headquarters.

Captain Alice Reid from Petersburg Alaska to Glen Vowell School.

Captain Elythe More from Kamloops to Petersburg, Alaska.

Lieutenant Irving Lapp from Calgary III to

Red Deer.

Lieutenant Clifford Fowler from Macleod to

Calgary III.

Lieutenant Nellie Amos from Trail to

Kamloops.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

THE GRIP OF SPRING

WE sometimes talk about the grip of winter. What we are much more interested in just now is the grip of coming spring. The grip of Jesus on the soul of man is like the grip of spring. If you were an almond tree you couldn't live with the spring and not become beautiful, and to watch the change that Jesus made on men's lives must have been like watching the change that spring makes. It has been like seeing a landscape in the grip of the grip of spring. You know how through leafless branches, when black frost makes the ground hard and hostile to the feet, when low storm clouds make the mountains forbidding and fearful, and the moors bleak and desolate, and then seeing the same landscape with the sun in the sky, the trees in leaf, the birds singing and flowers blossoming. Unfortunately we have a power that the trees of the field have not. We have the power of resisting the spring. With open doors and broken barriers of pride and stubbornness we can live with Jesus, and let His grip of the soul make summer come. It isn't what we believe, it isn't the ceremonies we perform, it isn't a tremendous emphasis on the will: it is to put the emphasis on Him, to let Him have His way with us, just as the emphasis is not upon the tree but upon the spring which calls to the tree, and calls out from the tree the wonderful powers within it.

Don't stop to get your theories right first. Don't make a list of promises. Don't imagine that you can be consistent. Don't merely try to be good. Live daily in His presence and the miracle will happen. Spring will come to your life. If there is one of us without any sense of the need of Jesus let him take his cleanest handkerchief on a winter's morn and lay it out on the snow. If there is one of us holding back because he feels that his case is hopeless, let him remember that Jesus had three favorite words—Least, Last, and Lost—and He said the least should be greatest, the last should be first, and the lost should be found.

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from our issue of March 31st)



Programme stained with Penitent's tears!—Hotel Director's touching thanks—Beautiful Fuji—Nagoya and Kyoto—Distress over sin—War's wounds—The Army Founder's mark on Japan—Value of her friendship—Occasion of a lifetime.

Monday, October 25th, 1926 (continued)
—Cunningham (Commissioner) picked up (in the Meeting last night) a programme—a large one—and brought it to me. It was sopping with the tears of a penitent! I watched another man, who was deeply taken hold of—he was literally smashed up—and an old woman with a hard, and, I fear, wicked face, who broke down utterly and cried aloud to God for His mercy. Neither of these had ever been in a Christian church before in their lives. A shop-girl also interested me. She had a very beautiful comb in her hair, had never been in any meeting of any religion before. She appeared to come into the light of Salvation after a long and patient struggle on the part of one of the Officers who was herself a profound interesting instance of Salvation from the darkness. The light I saw was the Light of the World!

Today (25th) Tokio again at 8, after a night of shakes. But better to have had it so than in the very time.

London letter very mixed. Urgent request from Allister Smith (Colonel), who is in Johannesburg, for money for their new building.

The Director of this Imperial Hotel—which is a wonderful centre of life and business—to pay his respects. Soon found him to be a Methodist, and wishing the Methodists were more concerned for the Salvation of souls and less for education. He said: 'I thank you for coming. I have spoken with many men in high positions, and we are all grateful to you for calling our nation to think of good and noble things.' He asked for something, and said: 'I will keep it always in memory of you and your words!' I was quite touched.

Wire from the Chief Secretary at Peking—'Pence! Very ill; taken to hospital; serious; will wire again.' What a calamity is here!

Clearing up. Very grateful for the help and mercy of God during the fortnight since I landed at Yokohama.

Tuesday, 26th.—Slept; strengthened. 'How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O Lord!'

Left Tokio at 9.30. A crowded station; the people very enthusiastic. As soon as we started, Cunningham brought me another wire from Peking: 'Pearce has typhus fever.' This is a very anxious matter for me. I can do nothing for him.

More comfortable journey to-day. Some work—1 hour useful. Every hour, my Lord, I feel I ought to 'offer all my works to Thee.' We were presently winding round Mount Fuji, a snow-crowned mountain with a flatish top. Once volcanic. Very beautiful in the sun, very austere and commanding in the shade. To be in the light is good alike for mountains and for men!

Five Wayside Meetings at various Stations to-day. I got in a few words for my King at every place.

Arrived at Nagoya at 4.50. Mayor, Governor, and others on platform. Marched through a cheering crowd with flags to the stand. A scene of extraordinary enthusiasm. An address by the Mayor translated to me by another citizen. The crowd gave me rapt attention. God enriching a man's life was my theme. Eddie's estimate of the number was eight thousand, nearly all men. The shouting was rather a feature.

To Hotel and settled down to work. Feel very sad about Pearce; telegraphed his wife.

Wednesday, 27th.—Nagoya. Broken night, but might have been worse. Hard at work after food at 8.30.

Interviewed for Press, then tackled London business in earnest. Chose a motto for my New Year's card: 'And saviours shall come up on Mount Zion... and the kingdom shall be the Lord's.'

Afternoon. Meeting with Soldiers of this town; about two hundred present—a fine body. A delightful gathering—spirit, song, prayer, joy, and a Penitent-Form!

Powerful Meeting in evening in a Theatre, audience numbering some two thousand. The Holy Spirit amongst us. The Governor's A.D.C. read an address, and I followed. Supporters gradually withdrew from the platform as the Penitent-Form was enlarged. The bold coming out of several of the seekers here very striking.

Thursday, 28th.—Restful night. Very grateful for the help of God yesterday. I strove to present the truth of Salvation by Christ so as to meet the difficulties of these dark minds—especially the difficulties of Buddhists.

Left Nagoya at 8.30 for Kyoto. More Station 'Wayides'—four or five—and spoke. Tiring for me, but it gives such pleasure. On arrival at 12 o'clock Reception at Station—Mayor, Chief Constable, and a crowd of notables. To Hotel. This is a fine old city.

At 3, Soldiers only, about two hundred, with twenty Officers. The earnest prayer and intense seeking very pleasing—significant of future progress.

Evening, a pack in the Public Hall; some 2,200 present. Probably the handsomest building I have ever spoken in. I was not as free or as at home as I have been; am troubled with the dust, which affected my voice, but we had a powerful influence and a number of praying penitents. If only half paid sincere it is a wonderful thing. Much distress among them about their sin. Three Buddhist priests greatly impressed me—they seemed

so earnest and so thoughtful. The seekers included some unsaved Mission people. Truly an extraordinary meeting.

My anxiety for China increases. Ought I to go? I find Yamamoto deeply stirred. Several items of world business have exercised me today. Ours is indirect warfare, and war brings wounds!

Friday, 29th.—Slept. Hotel Kyoto given me a morning to a great institution called Doshisha; it is of the University type, though not one, being a kind of High School. There are four thousand students in residence. My preparation was scarcely suitable for a gathering of so many quite young people.

Governor of Prefecture called on me; he had been away yesterday. Full of appreciation and thanks for my arrival last night. Also Mr. Tokumizu, the Leader of the Opposition and will probably be the next Prime Minister. A strong and vigorous type of man. Nearly six feet high. Some good talk—religion for the individual. As to the Religions Bill, he will help us; hard cases may be sent to him. I know that hard cases make bad law, but, as I said, they often make good public opinion. A shrewd man. Spoke of his own soul, and he thanked me most earnestly. Desires that the Government should do good deeds.

Friday, October 29th.—Left Kyoto at 4 o'clock for Osaka—an hour's run. Governor, Mayor, and many leading merchants, politicians, and others at the station. Thence to City Hall; about a thousand men—the Civic Welcome. Dr. Seki, the Mayor, and a great crowd, and I replied. An enthusiastic gathering.

Immediately following, as guest of Governor at a dinner given in my honour. Three hundred present. The Mayor told me that all the leading people in the city were there. His address really very good. The Governor said: 'I don't know what a mark he made on this nation during the forty days he spent in Japan!' I replied; all seemed taken hold of. Lord, be Thou the Witness to Thy truth!

Heavy London mail. Chief greatly engaged. F. brave and strong. Some of our problems look less serious for the moment.

Saturday, 30th.—Osaka. To work at 9. Cleared up some matters and called. At 10, Eddie on affairs for a couple of hours—important.

Felt it wise to leave the afternoon Locals' Meeting to Cunningham, reserving my throat, which is still troublesome. Shall see them all to-night and to-morrow. This country.

Some writing is making progress in every direction. Its population difficulty will, in my opinion, grow less. If I were in British politics, I should feel that a friendly Japan was more important than the possession of a fortified Singapore—yes, than half a dozen Singapores!

To-night, Soldiers only—A Meeting full of joy and freedom and with powerful results. Hallelujah! These people impressed me as a whole. I was about them which attracts and challenges.

Last thing to-night a wire from Peking: 'Pearce worse—there is little hope.' It made me sad indeed.

Sunday, 31st.—Osaka. Began my writing for the Christmas 'Cry's.'

Morning Meeting a tender and uplifting gathering. Few women—but Sunday is not much attended to here as yet. Love's my topic.

The cable from Peking, re Pearce's illness, dislocates many of my plans.

Lectured in afternoon, His Excellency the Governor, Mr. Nozumi Kakagawa, presiding. It was a fine hour. I had given up a great engagement, celebrating the Emperor's birthday, in order to be present. I feel he is a friend—and I told him so! The City Hall—one of the finest buildings I have ever been in—was packed; fully 3,500 seats, perhaps more. The Governor said nearly five thousand people were present. A tremendous sight! I had some freedom in speaking, and got in more direct appeal than is sometimes the case.

At night, again, a wonderful scene. Cunningham and Bernard both spoke well. My appeal was direct, perhaps a little hard, but we had had mighty smiles. The moment when I asked, at the conclusion of my address, that every head should be bowed, was an occasion of a lifetime! We had a great many penitents and I am sure many of them were utterly sincere.

(To be Continued)

NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO

(APRIL 10th 1820)

was born
in the City of
Nottingham
England

WILLIAM BOOTH



Founder and
First General
of
THE
SALVATION
ARMY

Winnipeg's Wonderful Y. P. Councils

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich lead first Y.P. Day in the new Garrison Auditorium—Mrs. Commissioner Mapp's stirring Addresses—Scores of Happy Warriors set out on a Life-long Crusade—
"To Be the Best that I Can Be"

"Just as I am, young, strong and free,
 To be the best that I can be."

EVERYTHING seemed to be singing that song on Sunday morning last, when we gathered for the Manitoba Young People's Councils. The glorious spring day was in tune with it; the unstained walls of the new Garrison seemed to re-echo the anthem, and young-life by the hundred, from all parts of the City of Winnipeg, and many distant points of the Division, came along, and they seemed to be singing the same strain. The Spirit of the Councils hovered over us in those first few minutes, and "To be the best that I can be," seemed to be the chorus it was voicing. And the glorious prophecy was fulfilled again and again. Springtime and youth, practically synonymous terms they said, and these two vigorous factors met together in the splendid Auditorium of the Garrison, and intelligent youth too. The Councils of the previous Saturday had afforded opportunity for our Juniors, most of our Local Leaders having loyally co-operated in a very thoughtful ruling, and so it was a fine crowd of young men and young women who presented themselves to the parental gaze of Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, and to the pleasurable anticipation of our very welcome visitor—Mrs. Commissioner Mapp.

The Glory of the Morning

The sunny weather of the day and the smiling faces, and tripping song of the young folks heartened the spirits of us all, and we were in accord with the lit of the song with which we started on our Day—"I feel like singing all the time." There was little need for the D.C.'s reiterated "Sing it!", for we were really all singing.

Mrs. Colonel Miller conducted us in our Family Prayers and the reading from "The Guide," which the Commissioner makes such a feature of these Days. While Mrs. Miller was reading we were—old and young alike—thinking kindly of our Chief Secretary and his disappointment in not being with us; sure, he was disappointed. We thought also of the lone Corps Cadet at Ninette, who had written to say she would be missing the Y.P. Day for the first time, but would be praying for us.

"Us" and not "Them?" Today

Lt.-Colonel Sims snatched the opportunity from his feet, wily fellow, to give a resume of the various Councils which have been held this season, and gave us the idea that we might have a task to do better than some of them; but that does not trouble us greatly, we are out "To be the best that we can be." It is "Us," not "Them," today.

The Commissioner took control; he told us something of his hopes and plans and labors for the Day, and we all agreed for him to begin, but there were certain courtesies to be observed. There was a message of greeting from our guest of yesterday Commissioner Mapp—then traveling across the prairies en route for Vancouver and the Pacific—reading which was appreciated and loyally received. There was a fraternal message from the Young People of the North Saskatchewan Division, over the name of the "Hedged," Coasting—a comradely touch which warmed us.

Mrs. Commr. Mapp "caught on"

And then Mrs. Commissioner Mapp was welcomed upon her first talk with us, Winnipeg Young People, and their elders, and never slow to take to a new chum, but there were those in the audience who had had knowledge of Mrs. Mapp years before some of our number had been placed on the Cradle Roll, and they were happy in a renewal of old time friendship, but most of us were happy in seeing one whose name we have heard but whom we had never seen before.

Our visitor "caught on" just right. She was not too young for the Old, and not too Old for the Young—just the happy

medium. Her tale of the "Old Contemptible" demonstration at Folkestone, in Old England, and its lessons for us of our day, and her long bewitching us of our little tale of the wee "O.K." who won the painter for God.

What Most we Want to be

Another song and a "stand up" to rest us, as the Commissioner puts it, and then we were really in for his talk. We could not but pride ourselves that he had thought us intellectually able to take his ideas—that he knew there was no need to talk down to us. The Commissioner is not one of those who irritate us by addressing us as, "My dear little children," thanks be; he scarcely ventures on "My dear young folk"; it's a man-to-man talk he gives us.

Quotations from some of the choicest of literature; tales from history, incidents from latter day happenings; excerpts from his own readings; gleanings from his own experience—definitely fitted in, so that speedily began to see his plan for the Day, and his dear yearning of his heart and mind took shape before us and we saw the "Happy Warrior" that he wanted us to be—which we soon felt God wanted us to be and which, by a most natural arrangement of our spiritual understanding, we soon wanted to be ourselves.

The break for the lunch hour came; it was a pity that there had to be such a halt in our thoughts and that some of us had to be detached from the surroundings of the Day, but one cannot have everything at their own way.

The Refreshings of the Afternoon

The afternoon session came, and some more folks came, strange isn't it that so many find it impossible to get to the morning session; but more anon.

We sang again—we really did. This time we caught on the spirit of that marching chorus which was on the song sheet, until we were like veritable young Timothys, feeling the call of God upon us:

"Chosen to be a Soldier,
 Chosen by God;
 Chosen to be a Soldier—
 Washed in His Blood."

Oh, the holy joy of it—that He Who could have called, and did call, the "mighty and the called us, and as the chorus so delightfully emphasises it:

"Chosen to be a Soldier,
 In The Army brave."

There was a pleasing period to the afternoon Meeting, when we, ourselves, were on the platform. For the nonce our Leaders were standing aside. Candidate Sadie Easton, of Fort Rouge, took the platform (to the audience) with a sincere and heartfelt appeal, "Why I am a Candidate"; Captain J. Habirkir—a real "O.K."—was evidently much affected when he told the story of his own call to Officership, and Ensign Peterson was movingly eloquent when he spoke to us of his Officership. A happily devised sequence of papers, in which some of us saw the cunning workmanship of our worthy Divisional Commander.

Our Mothers Have Had a Hand in it

What a welcome Mrs. Mapp received when she stood up to speak, and how moved us as she told us those thrilling stories of days far beyond our ken; of the time of our fathers' and mothers' service days; of the days when the pioneers of The Army were blazing the missionary and the slum trail for us. How difficult it was for some of us to realise that the kindly-faced, soft-voiced woman speaking to us had been by those ways which she so gratefully recalled.

Glory be to God—it is not the men only who can be the Happy Warriors in this Army of ours. It would have been a glorious Army if only the men had laid its foundations, but it is a glory beyond words when we realise that our mothers have had a hand in it too. How we ought

to treasure it—how sacred it becomes the more we think along these lines.

We wish we had space and tenderness sufficient to put before our readers those tales to which we listened. The poverty of the little slum quarters in White chapel; and then those early days in the Punjab. Native clothes and food; isolation and ostracism, and home sickness beyond words. Fightings with disease and with death—but no retreating.

The Vows of God are Upon us

Our young minds saw it all clearly limned out before us, and we had the mutterings of the mob and the soft prayers of the converts; and our tears could not be stayed. But what about our vows?

How could they be stayed either? Who was there among us who had not heard a Call? Who had not seen the beckoning Hand; who among us had not seen the Way by which we should go? One by one we rose to make our offering, and one by one we went forward to the Place of Dedication and the memory of Mrs. Mapp's dedicatory prayer will let it be so. O Lord! remain with us through years of preparation and toil.

That was the afternoon session—when God came to us, and when He, so to say, said He "would surely come again" and we vowed again "To be the best that I can be."

"We are on the Lord's side"

And so on to the evening gathering. What strange consciences some folks have! They get an invitation for a Y.P. Day, and then turn up for the Night only—but it is not for us to reason it out; but we did not know how to squeeze what we have been on the stretch all day. Enough said—though they won't take it for themselves, such folk never do.

"We are on the Lord's side—
 Saviour we are Thine."

We sang it until the rafters re-echoed it; we sang it until we knew that He to Whom we were addressing our song had heard the declaration. What a "call of mercy!"

Our prayers were definite—we had been at the threshold of mercy all the day, and we were coming into the atmosphere of prayer—very near to the Throne of Mercy.

We are trying to make others see these Meetings as we saw them for ourselves, and endeavouring to spread abroad their messages, but we despair of passing on the thrills which we experienced when we read with Mrs. Commissioner Rich that wonderful verse in the Damascus Road story, where Paul says, "And they that were with me saw the light—but they heard not the voice"; surely, we said to ourselves, "there are not many like that," and we were almost tempted to look around for those who might still remain deaf to the Voice.

A Volunteer and not a Conscript

We have notes—lines of them—on our pad, of the things which Mrs. Rich gave to us, and wish we might pass them on, but we will treasure them for our own heartening, when the lamp of courage gets dim, and when our own valour is almost becoming a conscription; as one of her suggestions told us it might become if we valued it not.

With no change at all in the trend of our thoughts, Adjutant Davies and Ensign Haynes helped us in Miss Havergal's wonderful "Hymn of Consecration," and we were prepared to sit again at the Commissioner's feet, and to hear more of that legendary figure who had, by now, become an actual ideal for so many of us.

"They Conquer who Believe they can"

A brief resume of his previous remarks for the benefit of those, if you please, who had not been with us earlier—and then away once more with further declarations, which, became more and more self-like to us. Then—it is not strange, is it?—there



"The Happy Warrior"

grew up within so many, many hearts a deeper longing "To be the best that I can be." We went into wondrous places during the next hour; into some byways of our religious possibilities—into the House of the Interpreter—until our pilgrimage, our crusade, brought us to the place of actual consecration. To a place where a battle was to be fought—but to a spot where "they conquer who believe they can."

At times our pencils were busy and we filled our notebooks with thoughts that we would store up for the days ahead; but more often our hearts and souls were too busy for such manual doings—the thrill of the Day was deepening.

The Holy Place

By now the Mercy-Save was ready (It had been ready all Day if we had but realised it) and there came on those scenes with which some of us have been familiar since our earliest days. They have lost none of their sacredness, however, and so we will not dwell on them. Suffice it to say, that many a young knight made a trust then; many a young novice took vows for eternal service; at least that is how it appeared to us. We are not concerned for numbers, but we have heard that the total of those who made and renewed pledges in a public fashion numbered sixty-one and scores of others were registered privately, so that when we sang our last chorus, which Lt.-Colonel Dickerson led in his indefatigable manner, we felt that the Day had not been without its triumphs. And our pledge is:

And far Thy sake to win renown,
 And then to take my victor's crown,
 And at Thy feet to cast it down,
 O Master, Lord, I come.

Monday Night Finale

The splendid finale to the Councils was presented in the Citadel on Monday evening, when, despite the terrific rainstorm—which, mind you, but rain, ugh!—the building was crowded to the doors, and beyond. The Commissioner was his own genial self, and displayed all his well known chairman ability.

Preliminaries over, and the introduction of the Commissioner—a very necessary item—we went ahead with the programme, and after a brief explanation of the aims of the Life-Saving Organization, we listened to a march by the Band from the Garrison. Our feet had scarcely ceased to keep time with the spirited music, when the curtains parted, to reveal a picturesque background against which the many excellent numbers of the evening were most skillfully shown.

The Exigencies of Space

Our space does not permit us to go into full details of all these items, but suffice it to say that there was no presentation which did not receive its share of applause, and which did not show skillful training, and energetic attention by those who took part

(Continued on page 8)

Winnipeg's Wonderful Councils

(Continued from page 7)

therein. Fort Rouge Guards with their trek carts and camp fire scene; the Scripture recital by Guard Bertha Witts, of Norwood, a humorous dialogue by the Citadel Scout Troop; and an excellent tambourine drill by the Saint James Guards, all well done.

One event of the evening which gave us much pleasure, and was so indicative of the universality of the Movement, was the presentation of the General's Tassel — the highest honour open to a Guard or Scout — to various young comrades. Standing with experienced dignity, the two first Life-Savers in the Territory to win the honour (Patrol Leader Verna Walker and Sid Jones) occupied the platform, and were there to do honour to the latest recipients of the decoration—Patrol-Leaders Marjorie Puller, Georgina Murray, Kathleen Lawson, and Guard Laidlaw, all of the Citadel. A splendid touch this, happily executed by our Territorial Commander.

A worthy climax to the evening's enjoyment came with the splendid tableau "The building of the Flag," in which the Citadel Guards excelled themselves; Mrs. Adjutant Acton was a splendid "Britannia" in this.

The Commissioner's benedictory words and prayer brought the Meeting to a close, and we were away with words of praise for Staff-Captain Steele and all those who had so skillfully given us the enjoyment of the evening, and a "top-notch" demonstration.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

"GRANNY" SHAW, CALGARY

The passing of dear Granny Shaw from the Calgary Citadel Corps removes one of the most faithful warriors that ever wore the Army uniform. She passed away March 13th, just after her ninety-first birthday. She first came in contact with the Salvation Army nearly fifty years ago at Tottenham, England, but was never really a Soldier until she came to Calgary fifteen years ago. Granny, as she was better known, was an inspiration to all that she came in contact with, having a word of encouragement for those that needed it. Until recently she attended the Y.P. Annual every year for she loved the children, and she would always put her coppers in the birthday box, in fact she always looked forward to this event.

Adj. Junker conducted the funeral service on Friday, March 16th. Mrs. Commissioner Rich read the Scripture lesson and spoke words of help and encouragement to those left to mourn. It was a simple, but very touching service.

The Corps extend to Sister Nellie Shaw, also her brother and sister and many friends their heartfelt sympathy. May God bless and sustain them. This another wonderful warrior has been laid to rest.—Observer.

Greater Than Wealth

It is said of Josiah Wedgwood, whose beautiful pottery eventually won him world-wide reputation, that when the demand for his ware began to become insatiable, some of his associates urged him to let them put on sale at reduced prices those pieces that were slightly marred or imperfect, rightly arguing that otherwise they would mean a great waste.

To their arguments Wedgwood is said to have replied, "I would rather lose every dollar I have ever made and be a pauper than to have my name associated with that which is faulty and imperfect."

It is commendable to be zealous for our good name, not only in business but in all walks of life. An imperfect piece of pottery may do its maker's reputation as much injury, but it can be a cruel word, a harsh temper, a deceiving tongue. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

On Vancouver Island

Lt.-Colonels Sims and Dickerson and the Vancouver Island Y.P. have a Great Day Together

THERE could not have been a more fitting prelude to the Victoria Young People's Councils than the rousing Prayer-Meeting held on the preceding Thursday night. Colonel Dickerson, who was in the city in connection with the work of the Men's Social, led us on, and we believe that the "effectual fervent prayer" helped to bring about the encouraging results of the week-end.

Keen disappointment was felt on account of the illness of the Chief Secretary—announced to be our Leader, and of the unavoidable absence of our Divisional Commander, but "never mind, go on," is still the spirit of The Army in B.C.'s Capital City, and we rejoiced to have with us Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Territorial Y.P. Secretary, together with Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, Major Oake, Staff-Captain Bourne and Adjutant Greenaway, etc.

On Saturday evening there was a real Hallelujah gathering when the delegates were given a hearty reception. The Home Corps was splendidly represented, and the contingents from Nanaimo, with Captain Coleman in charge; and from Grandview, Vancouver, came in for a rousing welcome.

In his usual happy style the Territorial Secretary voiced the regret of all at the absence of the Chief Secretary, but we were determined to do as they would have us do—go in for a time of blessing and help. Those who took part in the Meeting were duly determined—Y.P. S.M. Edgar of Nanaimo, and Corps Cadet Jean Macdonald, were special speakers. The Grandview Singers cheered us, and so did our own Band and Songsters. Colonel Dickerson contributed to the quota of our enjoyment with his closing remarks.

Sunday morning came clear and bright, and the company of Young People who had met in the Oddfellows Hall began the day with a zest well manifested in the opening song. The visiting Officers were again welcomed, and a message of inspiration from our Commissioner was read by Major Oake.

Out of his mature Army Experience Lt.-Colonel Sims gave some excellent counsel, and very aptly illustrated his message. The Young People were greatly uplifted and blessed by the morning session.

The afternoon was a time of much refreshing; it started with a fifteen-

minute song-service with Staff-Captain Bourne in charge; our comrade also helped with a Scripture reading; after which we listened with much relish to papers by Corps Cadet Anderson, Sergt-Major Turton, and Adjutant Greenaway.

An appeal for Candidates resulted in six young people making a definite offering of their lives for Army service; Mrs. Commandant Jones praying God's seal on the consecration.

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson was in charge of the evening session, when all gathered together in a great spirit of expectation; the crowd being the largest yet. (Natural—Ed.) Splendid and devotional singing preceded earnest prayer, so that by the time Major Oake was talking to us last time in putting down one Corps for an increase when they ought to have been set down as a decrease. I gave her a real talking-to on the subject, but she only said, "Ah, well, it's time somebody stuck up for them."

On Monday night the Citadel was filled for the last Meeting, a Young People's Demonstration, presided over jointly by Lt.-Colonel Sims and Dickerson, the latter successfully engineering the giving of a generous collection. Major Oake and Staff-Captain Bourne were in the Officers' corner having been in the Capital City on many business. Of the many well rendered items the Life-Saving Guards and Chums' contribution was worthy of praise, and their Leaders deserve great credit for careful training. The Flag Drill and Marching by the former was splendidly done, and the Chums' number, Commander Jones represented a colored orchestra, their song about "Uncle Joe" having banjo accompaniment, said banjos being cleverly contrived from pie plates. We are sure that we heard Mrs. Jones' guitar also, and the singing of the childish voices in "If you come to Jesus, I know I'll take you in," was one of the best features of the programme.

The most unpleasant part of the evening was the good-bye that had necessarily to be said to our visitors. We trust that as they in God's leading gave blessing to many, they too received in turn, and will have happy memories of the week-end in Victoria.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



and a Letter from Dinah

Ste. Al Styremup Mansions Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Thank you ever so much for your kind enquiries; I did expect you round to see me, but of course you would wish to be present at all of Commissioner Mapp's Meetings, and so would not find time for visiting me. But never mind, I am getting about again, although I am sorry I was not able to be at the Young People's Councils this year—they kept the age limit too fine for me this time. I shall ask the Captain to make me a Comany Guard, I think.

It is high time too that I was around again. Dorcas has done very well, but she is not used to office work, and finds it very trying, especially when she does not get the messages clearly over the phone. (Well, tell him to speak up and not mumble so.) She made a fine mistake last time in putting down one Corps for an increase when they ought to have been set down as a decrease. I gave her a real talking-to on the subject, but she only said, "Ah, well, it's time somebody stuck up for them."

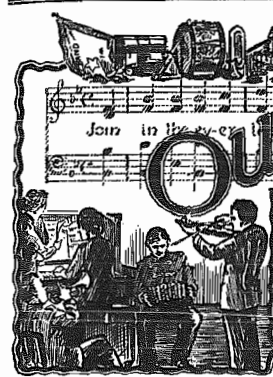
It was this spirit of hers which made me determined to write these notes myself this week, for I find that there is another drop—from Saskatoon 11. I suppose while the Captain has been off on the "lob-stick trail" some of the weekly customers have had a drop out. Dorcas says she will write a special line to Mrs. Hill, and she will deal with the situation.

Isn't the weather lovely these days, Mr. Editor? Almost makes me wish that we had a garden attached to our Suite, but perhaps you would like me to come up and dig you out of your difficulties; just say the word—if you can't come to see me, I will try to come and see you; I'm not one to bear a grudge or to speak about it. (Umph!)

Yes, I hear that the Easter "Cr" went well; I've heard from two or three that it was a good issue—Colonel Sims told me about it. That was a nice little note from Humboldt—quite nice of Captain Reeves to write like that wasn't it. Has anybody else said anything?

Dear Dad and Mums:

I have something quite nice and quite private to tell you, and I do hope it will not make you at all worried. I am sure you will like him, and as soon as Congress comes—if not before—I hope you will be able to see him. I have had an idea that he would be speaking to me, but of course I had to wait his pleasure. I hope it won't make you feel too old, but I am growing up; anyway, he is real Army, and I know that will suit your dear, old selves. He says he thinks he knows you, only he can't recognize you very well from your photo, and he did not go to our Corps when he was a cadet—his name was on the list, but I am growing up; anyway, he is real Army, and I know that will suit your dear, old selves. He says he thinks he knows you, only he can't recognize you very well from your photo, and he did not go to our Corps when he was a cadet—his name was on the list, but I am growing up; anyway, he is real Army, and I know that will suit your dear, old selves. 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THE ANCIENT TRAIN

A Cause for Thankfulness

I HAVE been reading recently some of the new Parables of Sated the Sage, and liked most his story of the day when he rose early to catch a Pullman express, and found instead a train that consisted of an ancient coach, baggage van, and an engine. The passengers began to make the most unkind remarks about the train, except Sated himself, who said to himself, "There must be a reason, and if we are patient we shall discover it."

The rest of the tale I will leave Dr. Barts to tell in his own words: "And the conductor came through. And he wore no uniform, but had a badge on an elastic band, fastened round a Derby hat. And I had not seen the like in many years. And the passengers made remarks about the kind of train on which we were riding. And he answered not a word, until he had taken up all his tickets. Then he stood in the aisle and delivered an oration.

Some of You Wise Guys

"And he said: 'I have listened to the fool remarks of you who think you are such wise guys concerning the quality of this train. Be it understood that this is not the regular train, neither am I the conductor of that train. But I got out of bed at 4 a.m. to run this flivver from the Junction to the Terminal as an accommodation to you wise guys that have not the sense enough to suspect that somebody is doing you a favor.'"

"For it was known to us that about twenty passengers were arriving at the Junction, and others to be picked up here, and we wanted to help you out. And because our regular crews are overworked, and many of our men are sick with 'flu, it was no easy job to get an engineer, and because there was no conductor available, therefore did the division manager undertake to see this train to its destination, and that's me.

The "Limited" is in the Ditch

"And now, if any of you want the Limited, and are discontented with this train, behold, I will stop this old boat, and let you out, and ye can walk back or wait for it, just as ye prefer. For the Limited is in the ditch about fifty miles back, and the track behind us will be blocked till noon."

"And no man desired to get off and walk, neither did any man complain of our train. And I considered this thing, and I said that if we were to stop and think before complaining, we should sometimes discover that the things whereof we complain are those for which we should be thankful."

Does this interest you?

Many a legend attends the writing of a hymn, but there is no basis for the popular legend that Cowper's "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" was written after he had been prevented from taking his own copy of a "Rock of Ages" that was not composed while sheltering from a storm in a cleft of limestone rock.

Heber wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" to the tune "Twins When the Seas were Roarin'" in the "Beggars' Opera," and his "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning" to the tune of "Wandering Willie," an old Scot's melody.



Mad on Music

"Carry my books, please?" said the Regent Hall Drummer to the tramp—Within a week he was converted

TO justify the title of this story it is only necessary to say that although the hero of it had been without food for two and a half days and was sitting at the table in Blackfriars Shelter waiting for the Free Breakfast to be served, a passing Band lured him away before the meal was served, and the pinch-faced, fainting wayfarer wandered on behind the music-makers in blissful indifference to his unappetized hunger until the playing ceased. The man was a musical maniac.

But to start at the beginning. . . Harry Howse was a child of the regiment, and the wander-lust was born within him. In 1859 Howse senior had tramped from London to Glasgow in order to join the 90th Perthshire Volunteers. Howse junior was born in Richmond Barracks, Dublin, and after accompanying his parents from one camp to another, travelled with them to South Africa and back again before he was five years old.

Ran Away to Join the Band

Little wonder that this youthful nomad at early age ran away from home to join the regimental band of the West Surrey Regiment. The spirit that had made four hundred miles an easy walk for his father—the spirit of the soldier—was early manifest in him. In 1895 the young bandsman was transferred to the artillery band, but his wild pranks and exuberant spirits earned for him so bad a reputation that after badly disgracing himself, the soldier was ignominiously discharged.

Thrust suddenly into civilian life bearing such credentials (better not produced), the ex-serviceman now found himself without trade or prospects. Such money as he earned he squandered, not on the sins of the flesh, but in endeavoring to satiate his insatiable craving for music. After earning a few coppers by carrying sand-bag-bands all day he would spend as much to gain admission to a music-hall. The performance ended, the hungry man would then seek a quiet resting-place on the banks of the Regent Canal.

A few weeks after the day on which the starving man scorned a Free Breakfast in order to follow a Brass Band he came upon The Army's Regent Hall Band marching along Oxford Street (London). To his surprise he was asked by the drummer to carry a set of music-books. The Salvationist's confidence in him

made him feel proud, and when the Band entered the Hall he entered, too. In the interval between the afternoon and night Meetings a tea-sip, valued fourpence, was given him with which to secure refreshment on the building. In fulfillment of a promise he returned on Band practice night to refund the fourpence loaned him. Only ninepence remained of his day's earnings, and of this he spent eightpence for admission to a London music-hall. Having had no food he finished the day with one penny, and spent the night on the canal bank.

On Wednesday he went to The Army again, and what he heard made him think. Leaving the Hall he crossed to the corner of Regent and Oxford Streets, then halted at a realization of his awful position and ultimate end came upon him. He looked down at the odd boots he was

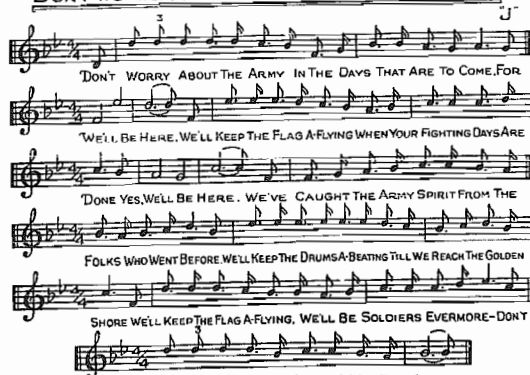


wearing, and acknowledging the futility of his present mode of living returned to the Hall and knelt at the mercy-seat. That night the tramp slept on the canal bank for the very last time.

Within a week the Convert was in regular employment, which he followed until the outbreak of war revived the soldier-urge and he commenced the first of three periods of war service. A little later he and a young Salvationist (now his wife and the mother of his four children) who had helped him considerably in his early spiritual struggles, were enrolled as Soldiers of the Regent Hall Corps. Since then both have been enthusiastic Salvationists.

A SONG FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ARMY. WE'LL BE HERE.



A Gifted Song-Writer

Composer of "Whosoever Will May Come" and Other Well-Known Songs

MORE than half-a-century has elapsed since the death of a gifted song-writer whose compositions continue to live and play a prominent part in Salvation warfare. His productions include the following songs well known to Salvationists:

"Whosoever Heareth, Shout, Shout the Sound."

"Hold the Fort, For I Am Coming."

"Pull for the Shore, Sailor."

"Only An Armor-bearer."

"Dare To Be a Daniel."

"Will You Meet Me at the Fountain?"

"Wonderful Words of Life."

"Hallelujah, 'Tis Done, I Believe on the Son."

"Almost Persuaded."

"I Am So Glad That Jesus Loves Me."

Included in the tunes composed by this writer are also the following: "The Harvest is Passing," "Sowing the Seed," "It is Well," "Go Forward, My Son."

Philip Bliss early in life showed a strong liking for things musical. At seven years of age he would manufacture instruments in a most original manner and reproduce tunes he had heard. At the age of ten, ragged and barefooted, he heard in a hall street for the first time in his life, the strains of a piano. Creeping to the door of the parlor from which the sound came he stood entranced till the player ceased. His entreaty to her to "play some more" called forth a harsh reprimand. He left the door nearly heart-broken, but with memories of harmonies that seemed heavenly.

Converted at Fourteen

At fourteen he became converted; and at eighteen, through strict application to study, became a school-teacher. At nineteen he received his first musical instruction, and at twenty-two, being himself unable to pay the necessary fee, he was enabled by the generosity of his grandmother to attend the Normal Academy of Music. Success and promotion to a professor's degree followed, until in 1874 he had to choose between conducting a musical society at a high remuneration, or devoting his life to evangelistic work. He chose the latter.

His death was caused by a railway accident, a train by which he and his wife were travelling being wrecked at Ashabula, Ohio. A severe storm was raging, and a bridge collapsed. Several cars of the train were precipitated into the ravine below, where the wreckage was piled up in snow that was waist deep. The evangelist managed to climb through a window of the wreckage which became a mass of flame five minutes after the catastrophe, but his wife being pinned down by the debris, he returned to rescue her and was not seen again. Courageously he lived, and thus he died.—F.S.—in "The Counselor"—New York.

Who are the Great?

The following list, giving the names of the men who are regarded as the twenty greatest composers, will be of some interest. The names are given in the order in which the men lived, with the date and country of birth: Palestrina, 1524, Italy; Purcell, 1658, England; Bach, 1685, Germany; Handel, 1685, Germany; Gluck, 1714, Germany; Haydn, 1732, Austria; Mozart, 1756, Germany; Beethoven, 1770, Germany; Weber, 1786, Germany; Rossini, 1792, Italy; Schubert, 1797, Germany; Berlioz, 1803, France; Chopin, 1809, Poland; Mendelssohn, 1809, Germany; Liszt, 1811, Hungary; Wagner, 1813, Germany; Brahms, 1833, Germany; Tchaikowsky, 1840, Russia.



MOUNT PLEASANT VICTORIES

Ensign and Mrs. Rea. Things have been happening here lately really blessed out of souls, and which would almost cause us to wish we could have more space in the "War Cry" but we will tell as much as we can. The week previous to Y.P. Councils, two sisters sought Salvation in the Thursday night Meeting, and one on the Saturday night gave convincing testimonies.

The following Sunday Meetings were greatly blessed. At night we were in charge. Mrs. Colwell Combs into our midst, and also her daughter, Mrs. Adjutant Pitt, and her son, strengthened us. A brother testified he had knelt at the Penitent-Form the previous week; he was so drunk, however, that it was not until the morning when the Officer called upon him, that he knew of the step he had taken. He was prayed with at home, and was well saved. With his old life was made when he cancelled an order for some booze in his testimony he claimed victory for the week and for the days to come.

God was with us through the week and we were ready for a day of hard fighting when Sunday came round. The testimonies, singing, talking, the playing of the Band, all helped to influence the unsaved towards the right things, and during the "Prayer Meeting" two souls came to Christ. Hallelujah! —S.C.P.

Ensign Rea

Bandmaster from Seattle I, who was in charge, and helped us with his words. At night Ensign and Mrs. Collier were in charge.

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WINNIPEG CITADEL

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton. Many are the resources of The Army, many the possibilities, and none can find more scope for the use of these resources than in the Y.P. Work. During the weekend of March 23, 24, 25 a better spring-time could not have been devised than attendance at the Y.P. Annual Meetings.

At Sunday's Meetings, and also at the Prize Distribution on Monday night the music, the claim of happy youth, the efforts of the two young children, who form the Primary Department, and many other details made us rejoice in the freedom, charm and happy joyousness which helped to make such a delightful series of Meetings. The fourteen soldiers who knelt at the Penitent-Form the previous day night included some of our own young people for whom we have been specially praying for a long time. Now victory has been achieved. Hallelujah! —S.C.P.

The following Sunday Meetings were piloted by Mrs. Adjutant Acton in the morning, Staff-Captain Clarke, and the Band (P.S.A. programme) in the afternoon, and Captain Garwell at night. Band, Songsters and Y.P. Departments were very much delighted to be in the city, and all blessed, helpful seasons were experienced, this being especially so when the Captain's youthfulness brought inspiration and help to us. We were glad to see Bandmen Bill Merritt and Bill Somerville in their accustomed places, after enduring absence through illness. —R.W.

NEW WESTMINSTER

Ensign and Mrs. Talbot. Major Oak was a recent very welcome visitor, and while he was with us we had some soul-stirring times. God has been much good in being down with one young woman gave her hearts to God. Our Open-Air Meetings are being well attended, and we believe much good is being done through the weekly Cottage Meetings held in the homes of various friends.

We are so glad to have Corps Sgt. Major Prouse with us once more. Several months ago he was the victim of an automobile accident, and since then has been through a trying ordeal. He has wonderfully restored him and once more he is joining his team with us. Hallelujah! Brother Halliday has been welcomed from Tripoli, and he will prove an asset to the Band, and an inspiration to the Corps as a whole. —W.F.

DAUPHIN

Captain White and Lieut. Henderson. It is a number of years since we had the pleasure of hearing Lt. Colonel McLean, and therefore his recent visit to Dauphin was fraught with much interest. God was indeed with him, and souls sought the Saviour through his ministrations. The weather was stormy, and the crowd was not so large as we had hoped, but we were all blessed. The first Meeting of the Campaign happened also in the welcome Meeting of a new recruit, Captain White and Lieutenant Henderson, to whom we have extended the right hand of comradeship and loyalty. —N.A.N.

Enrolment and Seekers at Saskatoon Citadel

Ensign and Mrs. Capon. Owing to various events we were not able to hold our Y.P. Annual until just recently, when God signally blessed our efforts.

The morning and afternoon Meetings on the Sunday were conducted largely by and for the Young People, the afternoon Meeting being particularly interesting on account of the programme given then by the Young People. Items of special interest were two selections by the Junior Band in solemn strength, a song by the Band Tray Class, a solo by a Corps Cadet and a model Y.P. Company in session. The Meeting closed with an impressive appeal by the children in the singing of "For you I am praying."

In the evening six Senior Soldiers were enrolled and we rejoiced to hear their testimonies. In the

lesson which preceded the Prayer-Meeting, the listeners were urged to make sure they were in their right place in the sight of God, and save themselves, much suffering and danger in this world as well as in the next. After a short pause a man from the back volunteered to the Mercy-Secretary, a backslider returned to God, and a sister sought forgiveness. The Meeting closed amid much rejoicing. During the evening the Band played well under the leadership of Bandmaster Tuttle.

The Y.P. Demonstration and Prize-giving took place on the following Tuesday, and a full house was well entertained and instructed for two hours. The Young People carrying out their parts splendidly. Much credit is due to Y.P.S.M. Ross, and his willing band of workers for the success of this Y.P. weekend.

VANCOUVER CITADEL HOME LEAGUE

That the Vancouver Citadel Home League is a very thriving concern was evidenced the other week on the occasion of their annual Tea. The principal guest of the evening was the Divisional Home League Secretary, Mrs. Brigadier Collier. Other Officers were present: Lt. Colonel Goodwin, Brigadier Layman, Adjutant Saunders and Adjutant Ross. A number of husbands and members were present, and over seventy people sat down to the well-laid tables. Among those who addressed the gathering were Brigadier and Mrs. Layman, and Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt. Collier has been commissioned Assistant-Secretary and a number of Sergeants have also been appointed. They are doing good work in securing new members, and seeking new paths of usefulness. Treasurer Mrs. Roe submitted a satisfactory financial report. An hour or so spent in enjoyable games concluded with the singing of songs and choruses, after which refreshments were served. —G.A.

Brigadier Gosling at Saskatoon II

(By Wire)

Eight Soldiers enrolled, splendid spirit in both Meetings to-day. Record crowds and streets lined with men for Sunday night Open-Air, many drinking in the Gospel message. On Monday night, packed out and many standing; Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling in charge of Meeting. The Brigadier enrolled eight Soldiers under the Blood and Fire Flag. Helpful Scripture reading by Mrs. Gosling and her words of counsel and the stirring address by the Brigadier brought conviction to many hearts.

Our faith is high for a number to decide in the near future. All branches of the Corps are experiencing a move forward. —A. Hill, Captain.

METLATAKALA

Ensign and Mrs. Clifton. The power of God's Holy Spirit has been very graciously present in our midst of late, and we rejoiced to see one dear sister come forward to the Mercy-Secretary seeking Salvation.

Recently Field-Captain and Mrs. McKay of Port Simpson were with us, and in the Meeting conducted by them the curtain gave an inspiring and soul stirring message. Mrs. McKay led a helpful Prayer-Meeting, and everyone was blessed by their visit.

On Sunday last a Swearing-in took place, when a number of new recruits were sworn in, and the presence of a crowd which filled the Citadel. Brother Nelson was at one time a Salvationist, but has been with us for some time, and has been a great blessing for a long time. Now he has made the great decision to become a Salvationist once more. He is a talented, brave, and efficient man, and a real blessing. An address by C.S.M. Prevost followed, and a helpful and convincing talk proving a real blessing.

Following the Prayer-Meeting a supper was prepared to which all the comrades were invited by Ensign and Mrs. Clifton, this being the occasion of the farewell of the Ensign who is leaving to take up his post of Captain on one of the Skeena River cannery tow-boats. Here God was very near, and we are glad to report that his brother found his way back to Christ, and obtained pardon. His wife surrendered some weeks ago. We trust this is the beginning of greater things for our Corps. —E.A.L.

DRUMHELLER

Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell. The recent Meetings here, of fire, and of the Young People, from Y.P. Councils were bubbling over with enthusiasm. The new chorus, "Come out this way," was a great success. The Holiness Meeting was led by Y.P.S.M. Mrs. Ross, and Directory Sergeant Vera Rossine gave an inspiring address on "Secret Sin." The Bandman was re-consecrated himself. The Salvation Meeting was led by Captain McDowell, and her lesson was full of blessing. The Bandman who wore their new uniforms for the first time, looked and played splendidly. The Y.P. Demonstration was a great success, and was enjoyed by some of our visitors gave added impetus to the proceedings. The singing, the reading, the chairman, presented the

VEGREVILLE

Father and Mother Seek Salvation

Ensign and Mrs. Muir. A glorious time was experienced during the weekend visit of Adjutant and Mrs. Fox, in spite of a heavy fall of snow we had a good crowd for the Saturday night lecture delivered by the Adjutant, "A Blessing or a Curse—the story of his life."

In the Y.P. Address on Sunday afternoon two Junior Soldiers were enrolled, and we rejoiced over four young people at the Mercy-Secretary. The Hall was full for the gathering, and a full house for the Meeting at night, when the Adjutant dedicated four children. In the Prayer-Meeting which followed our visitors' address, several seekers were registered, one of them being the mother of the children dedicated earlier in the evening. Our hearts rejoiced more than ever on Wednesday night when the father also sought Salvation. Another young girl on this occasion brought our number of seekers for the week of eight.

We are sorry that Mrs. Muir is away from us just at present, having had to undergo an operation, but we are praying for her speedy recovery.

EDMONTON CITADEL BAND

During the last few weeks the Citadel Band has been evincing the "big brotherly" feeling which should be the normal attitude of all large Bands in the Corps. A fine example was given in the Edmonton III district, at the Rose Theatre, when a large audience listened appreciatively to the programme, in which the Band rendered "Warriors of the Combat," "American Melodies," "N. 2," "Homeward Journey," and "Mother's Prayer." A vocal solo by Adjutant Fox, and a Cornet solo by Y.P. Band-lead L. Lyall were greatly enjoyed. The newly-formed Male Voice Party, led by Adjutant Fox, rendered two items, "Onward" and "Hallelujah," the new Corps Officers, thanked the Band for their visit.

Edmonton II was the scene of the Band's next Festival, this held in the Metropolitan Church, when the Minister, who had been previously engaged to us, by the way, was a very able churchman. The Songsters assisted the Band on this occasion, and an enjoyable programme resulted. A much appreciated supper was afterwards served in the Corps Hall. —F. E. McCready.

WINNIPEG SOCIAL CORPS

It did one good to see the Hall filled last Saturday night at the Winnipeg Men's Social: everybody came to have a good time, and they were not disappointed. True, the Officers, Misses, and Y.P. Councils, who were absent at the Y.P. Councils, did not fill the hall, but the Corps filled the gap and filled it well. The Captain gave the address, and gave the large crowd present something to think about. We had the joy of seeing two souls at the Mercy-Secretary—thanks be to God! Commandant Lawson helped in the Meeting and was very good in voice. Brother Douglas, who was the Songsters, assisted by Brother Bob Anderson at the piano, gave good service. —B.W.

NORTH VANCOUVER

Ensign Barker and Lieut. Miller. Very welcome visitors indeed were Lt. Colonel Sims, Brigadier Layman, Major Jaynes, Adjutant Greenaway, and many others, who visited the Band under Bandmaster Collier. The Band rendered "Mother's Prayer," "The Advance," "March and the Canada March," and "The Advance." Our visitors gave added impetus to the proceedings. The singing, the reading, the chairman, presented the

EIGHT ENROLLED AT REGINA NORTHSIDE

Ensign and Mrs. Hammond. Sunday's Meetings were led by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Tuttle being in charge in the morning and the Staff-Captain at night. At night seven comrades were enrolled under the Flag, and including Staff-Captain's clear and helpful address nine souls sought Salvation. One of the newly-enrolled Soldiers had the wonderful joy of saving two souls to Christ, this showing her real Army spirit. One of our recent converts, a Dutch wife, now sings in our Meetings, her children attend our Company Meeting, and, best of all, her husband was saved on Sunday night. The revival is burning brightly here, and God is in our midst. —B.H.V.

PRAYER ANSWERED AT COLEMAN

Captain and Mrs. Coleman. We have saved long for the evidence of a revival here, and, praise God, our prayers are being answered. Last Sunday night a precious soul returned to God, and is now taking his stand, and on Thursday night two more souls were saved. On Friday night, when our comrades are coming back to us, and we believe will take their stand. We are hoping in the near future to have a very large gathering at our Meetings; two or three Young People are learning music. After the Meeting on Sunday night, we had a little musical treat, which was greatly enjoyed by us for the coming week. —F.A.O.

NORWOOD

Ensign and Mrs. Joyce. Last Sunday was a day of great blessing, when God was with us in all that we did. At night we greatly enjoyed a service to the Brigade of Cadets who have been of such help to us during recent months. Cadets Dale, Beck and Merton came to Christ helpfully. Captain Murdie soloed, Ensign and Mrs. Joyce rendered a duet, and a Brigade Song by the Cadets was very well received, and we thank you for the singing and messages. —Interested.

VISITORS AT SOUTH VANCOUVER

Ensign and Mrs. Thierstein. We spent a profitable time together with Ensign and Mrs. Layman were with us recently; God came very near to us, and we received much blessing. At night we had a very interesting and profitable Meeting when Lt. Colonel Sims and Dick O'Leary, who were in the city, were with us, accompanied by the Divisional Commander. The Meeting was full of power, and the words of the visiting Officers brought inspiration and help to us. In all these Meetings our newly-commissioned Band, formed through the untiring efforts of Ensign Thierstein and Brother Ross, played a prominent part, adding, in no small measure, to the helpfulness of the gatherings. —J.L.W.

YORKTON

Captain and Mrs. McInnes. A good time was the result of the recent visit of Staff-Captain and Mrs. MacLean, who were with us recently, encouraged all the Soldiers. The outstanding event of the day was the enrolment of five Junior Soldiers, and the dedication of one of them as one of the children of a Crusade Convict.

VANCOUVER MEN'S SOCIAL

A sad event recently took place in Vancouver when Mr. McVey, the husband of one of the employees of the Men's Social Department there, who had been out of regular employment for months, met his death under tragic circumstances on the second day of being in work. Lt. Colonel Dickerson was in the city at the time, and in a comradely manner endeavored to assuage the grief of those most affected; as did also the other visitors. The Major conducted the funeral of our comrade and his family, and asked them to be remembered to all those who have shown her kindness during these days which accept her heartfelt thanks.

BIGGAR

Captain and Mrs. Bue. A recent weekend visitor was Captain Flannigan; in the Saturday night Meeting previous to his visit he was rejoiced over one seeker. Although the weather was very bad, the Captain and Mrs. Bue, who were with us, were very helpful. The Captain gave the address, and gave the large crowd present something to think about. We had the joy of seeing two souls at the Mercy-Secretary—thanks be to God! Commandant Lawson helped in the Meeting and was very good in voice. Brother Douglas, who was the Songsters, assisted by Brother Bob Anderson at the piano, gave good service. —B.W.

A sister comrade who was converted in an Open-Air Meeting some months ago, was very helpful. The Captain and Mrs. Bue, who were with us, were very helpful. The Captain gave the address, and gave the large crowd present something to think about. We had the joy of seeing two souls at the Mercy-Secretary—thanks be to God! Commandant Lawson helped in the Meeting and was very good in voice. Brother Douglas, who was the Songsters, assisted by Brother Bob Anderson at the piano, gave good service. —B.W.



MOTHER FLORENCE

THE STORY OF A VALIANT SOUL

By the late Elizabeth Swift Brengle—brought up to date by "J."

START THE STORY HERE

Susan Nichols was the eldest child of a small family living in a village in the Eastern Counties of England. The father was a hard, cruel man, who treated his family with the utmost severity. Mrs. Nichols was a Methodist, and in spite of her husband's cruel treatment strove to live up to the religious light which she had received, and to train her family accordingly. Susan goes into service at the age of nine and endures much hardship. Eventually at the age of eighteen she marries Robert Florence, a young man of the village.

Following many vicissitudes of a religious and commercial nature in their married life, they decide to try their fortunes in a new land, and come to Canada. For a time all goes moderately well, and then it is announced that The Army is "opening fire" in their district of Toronto-Parkdale. Mrs. Florence and her husband ultimately get re-converted, and join up.

But our readers are invited to purchase back numbers of the "War Cry" in order to become thoroughly acquainted with this fascinating story of the early days of The Army in Canada. It began in our issue of February 25th.

CHAPTER VII CALLED BACK

Mother and Dad Florence were back in England; ready for another adventure. Indeed, the more one reads the story, the more one thinks how ready these two intrepid souls sought fresh adventure. Back again in England, with all the memories of their previous ups and downs around them. Going over the old ground, over the old scenes, and along the same old streets and lanes. And all the time beating within their breasts the thought of the expedition which they had so ardently sought.

Reading between the lines, I am inclined to the opinion that it was Mother Florence who led the way, and that little Dad Florence followed. He had, so they tell me, his own fiery spirit, but it was the woman of the team who led.

However, be that as it may, the days they spent in the old country passed quickly and happily in meetings and visitations of various kinds, and all was ready for sailing—the ship and the date fixed, and almost the last bit of baggage packed and labelled.

The question which surprised her

Then one day, just on the eve of sailing, the Foreign Secretary of International Headquarters came to see Mother Florence. "Couldn't you send your little boy home again?" was the question with which he surprised her.

"No, that would be impossible," she decided.

Then he told her that the child was to go to live in India, especially after Canadian upbringing, and that if he could not be left in a safe climate, the mother ought not to go. She must pray about it, and let him know in the morning what she would do.

The Commissioner left her half-dazed. Not to go to India after all, when she had come so far and ready to go!

"You'll be a laughing-stock when you get back to Canada again in a hallelujah band!" taunted the devil.

Truly, Mother Florence had fallen on "times which try men's souls." How would her soul stand the test? Would she be resurrected in care for her own reputation and standing creep in, lack of faith in God and her leaders mar her peace and usefulness? Or had she enough of that love which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things" to take up the thorny cross and carry it to any land?

There was time for many a teasing thought to suggest itself before she could get away alone, and begin her dark night. But when she found herself in a place to talk to God, the first thing that

came to her was a fragment of an old hymn, learned in her childhood:

"Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,

The cloud ye so much dread

Is big with mercy and shall break

In blessing on your head."

"Hurry, then, Father, and let me have the blessings," cried the poor woman in her doubt.



"My servant Abraham didn't weep when I wouldn't allow him to take the life of his lad, and why should you? I want your life, not your blood," said a Voice to her listening soul.

"Lord, I am Thine to live or to suffer," she answered.

"Then go back to Canada," sounded in her soul.

"But the people there who paid my fare over here?" she remonstrated, despairingly.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me," said the insistent Voice.

"I'll go back to Canada," yielded Mother Florence.

And then, doubts and fears gone, burden vanished, she fell into a soft sleep.

In the morning, her husband (quartered at night away in the men's building in the old Training Home at Clapton) came to her, and she told him all, adding, "Don't be rash, go and pray about it."

He went off to get alone with the Lord, and came back presently, his face all glowing. "It's all right," he assented, "we're to go back to Canada."

One is obliged to stay here for a moment to ponder on the simple manner in which these two dear souls approached and dealt with their Lord. It was so easy for them to hear His Voice and to know His will. It is not a whit less easy for us of these days to hear and to know; is it?

Braving the Atlantic again

It was suggested to them by The Army authorities that they should stay in England, but she answered, "I'm willing to do anything, but I'm sure Father wants me in Canada."

And so, before many days, behold Mother and Dad braving the stormy Atlantic again, on her way to Canada, this time as a veritable missionary—one sent of God to carry His message.

Once there, she was not long in finding her special field of labour. In the March of the year of her return The Army had opened in the City of Toronto a "Home for Drunken Women." Not much of a camouflage about that name, was there?

There were then, and are now, we suppose—there certainly will be soon—

places in Canada "under the rose" where wealthy aristocratic inebriates could get medical attention and help to conquer their baneful habits; but there were none forty years ago where the battered wrecks of women who walked boldly into saloons and staggered out again to fall helplessly on the stones, or into the hands of the police, could find harbour, hope and home, all as free as the Salvation which was offered to them.

Ever since she was sanctified, Mother Florence had wanted to join a forlorn hope—here was one to her hard, and she threw herself into it with an unearthy ardour.

Doctors and Physiologists agree

Doctors and physiologists agree that a woman-drunkard once made, is far harder to cure than her brother-man, and the experience of all who have tried it bear them out in the statement. But the simple women who were set to officer this Toronto Home unconsciously but instinctively grasped the fundamental idea of all physical science, that the human body is a whole; instead of trying to mend the body only, they aimed at bringing body, soul and spirit into harmony with God, which is their "most reasonable service."

That it is a reasonable method, is proved by its results, namely, that one-fourth of all the women who they received did well and became ornaments of their particular spheres of life. There was, and

"WE TAKES THEM IN
WHENEVER THEY COMES"



is, no patent upon this method of reformation, and it is herewith given again to the public in the words of our old-time saint.

"We takes them in whenever they comes, night or day," she said, "and it's as often midnight as any other time." (No red tape in those days, the reader will notice.) "First thing is to get their clothes off, for they're generally in such a state as you wouldn't believe it. Then we gives them a good wash, puts on some nice clean clothes we've had given us, and tucks them away to sleep it off. They always sleeps it off when they're drunk, you know. Then as soon as they get sober, we try to get them saved."

"Getting saved is really their only chance," Mother Florence was wont to continue, "it's ten to one they'll go back again if they're not saved. Then a

terrible craving comes on them after they get over the first of it, and they'll do all ways to get liquor. We keep the door locked, give them strong tea and coffee, read, sing, talk, and try to make them forget the awful craving, and day by day the desire gets weaker and weaker. If they gets the love of God in their hearts the desire goes out altogether."

"Ah," said she, "the miracles that's been wrought in this little place. It's wonderful to see the love of God breaking up a poor black heart like that, and putting new desires into it, and new purposes, and the power to do right. Oh, He's a wonderful Saviour!"

In these days it sounds simple, but it is not really easy to do these things, you know. Now-a-days things have changed, and the remedies may not appear to be the same, but for all the ills that sin brings about, there is none an actual remedy—that self-same Wonderful Saviour in Whom dear old Mother Florence placed so much trust.

Mrs. Brengle describes how she was asked by Mother Florence to visit this Drunken Women's Home. She says:

A great uncleanness somewhere

"While we sat waiting for her in the little front room, an unpleasant odour, suggestive of great uncleanness somewhere, forced itself upon us. It couldn't be from that little room. That was spotless, without any appearance of having been put in order for the occasion. In the kitchen, when we passed on there, was the same indefinable look of habitual cleanliness which a housekeeper soon comes to recognise. Presently Mother Florence said, casting a sympathetic look in the corner, 'There's a new case just come in. Maybe you'd like to see her, if you can stand to go any nearer?'"

"We went up to the prostrate figure on the low cot," continues Mrs. Brengle. "She was not so terrible a sight as a drunken woman we had once seen prone in the gutter, ghastly pale and streaming with blood, but she looked little enough like a woman."

"From her swollen, mottled face; from her tangled, rusty, dead-looking hair; from her half-closed, bloodshot, lifeless eyes; even from her disordered, ragged, indescribably filthy dress, all semblance of a pure womanhood had departed."

"She lay there, a senseless, besotted, vile-smelling creature—and yet a woman, nay, more, a mother. Could there be any hope for her?"

"The kindly, soothing voice said over our shoulders, 'She looks bad, don't she, poor dear. But just wait till we get her



fixed up and give her a cup of tea, and we have a bit of a talk and you wouldn't know her."

"And in the kindly heart of the mother soul lay the only hope of many such who came to that port of refuge. A big human heart so filled with Divine love that no possible effort would be spared to get those dorelits back to the only sure haven—the tender care of the Lord, Christ Jesus."

(To be Concluded)

"THE TEARS ON THE SNOW"

This is the title of our new Serial Story which will appear shortly. It is a most moving tale of Desperation and Salvation, and features some former-time Salvationists, including "Mother Florence."

Remember now thy Creator

WAR CRY

While the evil days come not

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1928

No. 15

Tune: "Darwells" or "Majesty" (Gs & 8s)

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
Thy Saviour, yes, and mine;
He made for us a place
In mercy's great design,
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
He left His realms above,
That He might ransom us—
Oh, miracle of love.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
How shall we tell His praise?
No note too sweet, nor loud
For us to Him to raise.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
Our best and dearest Friend,
Who loved us years ago,
And loves us to the end.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Tune: "Two lovely black eyes"
Oh, wonderful love,
Wonderful, fathomless, boundless and
Wonderful love.
Oh, wonderful love.

Tune: "Verily, Verily I Say Unto You"
Joyfully, joyfully, joyfully I sing:
Glad and free, glad and free, pardoned is
my sin;
Doubtings and fears are gone and now
within
Jesus is Lord and King.

Tune: "I'm longing for My Ain Folk"
I bring Thee my all, Thou blessed Saviour,
I long for Thy Spirit and Thy favor;
All my life shall fully be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
And spent in bringing sinners to my
Saviour.

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ST. WENDELL DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2014—John Letchy (or his children) formerly lived at Long Bucks, England; came to Canada in the seventies. Unknown to him he had five children. Small legacy to be paid to Mr. Letchy or children.
1949—J. J. Harnden. Mother of the above named anxious to locate. War time at Nichol Valley, B.C., also Merritt, B.C.
1948—Wm. Samuel H. Harnden—About 40 years of age, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, brown eyes, sawtooth complexion, farmer, missing ten years. Wife anxious for news.
1970—Joseph Stewart. Age 25, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 130 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, light complexion, farmer, had, missing two years, last heard of at Barriemore, Alta., also Unity, Sask. Mother very worried.
1952—Robert Beakley. Age 19, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 150 lbs., dark brown hair, grey eyes, dark complexion, native of Ireland. Mother anxiously enquires.
1950—Alexander Kuzmoff Khon or Chlon. Native of Teshlen, Ukraine. Emigrated to Canada in 1913. Enlisted in the 144th from Reserve Battalion which was a Winnipeg Battalion composed of Russians, served in Great War. Wife and children long for news.
1950—Siedrich Fahlen. Age 18, height 5 ft., weight 150 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes, complexion, laborer. Missing since Aug. 21st, 1927. Wife hairdresser, seen on head, right wrist crippled. Mother very worried.
1951—Anders Olsson. Swedish, age 61, heavy build, brown hair, blue eyes, missing since 1903, wanted because of an inheritance.
1953—Mrs. Ida Wood. At one time lived in Ontario. Went to Winnipeg with her son Percy. About 1910 he was transferred to the Children's Aid. Boy would like to get in touch with her.
1950—Nils Albert Svensson. Swedish, age 47, average height, dark brown hair, blue eyes, missing since March 1926, farmer. Brother enquires, father now dead and there is money left the boy to be divided.
1957—Ward—Ward. Anyone by the above names who has a missing son of the name of G. W. E. Gordon or William, a son who was reported missing or killed overseas, may hear surprising news by communicating with Mrs. Maude Ward, 10531 129th St. Edmonton, Alta.



Tune: "We Have an Anchor"

There's a refuge sure from the storms of life,
From the raging rush of the battle strife;
From the fiercest gale there's a calm retreat,
And a covert cool from the blazing heat.

Chorus:
Hidden with Christ—with Christ in God;
Over the portals the precious Blood;
Sin, death, and hell shall ne'er prevail—
Hidden with Christ—within the veil.

In the darkest hour there's a promise bright;
In the mists of gloom there's a star of light;
When we're most alone and for friendship yearn
There's a Friend at hand to Whom we turn.

When the foe comes o'er us like a flood;
When the tempter's wiles can be scarce withstood;
E'er the rising gale can our soul o'erthrow
There's a haven sure where no winds may blow.

Oh, the joy of a hiding-place in God;
Oh, the best assurance of Jesu's Blood;
Oh, the comfort sweet of a constant Friend;
Oh, abiding peace that knows no end.

Tune: "Grace Abounding for Me"

Christ is living in me—(Repeat)
Barriers are gone,
Victory has come—
Since Christ is living in me.

Tune: "Never Mind, Go on"

Welcome! Welcome! Resurrection Morning!
Christ is risen! Though unbelief is scorning,
Light and life o'er every grave is dawning,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!
On the stone the angels look appalling,
Trembling soldiers like dead men are falling,
When we hear our risen Saviour calling,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!

All around the empty grave
Let us sing for joy;
We are going to live again,
Never more to die,
On the Resurrection Morn
We shall reach the sky.
And live, and live with Jesus.

Christ is risen! and we are not mistaken,
Long ago He has His grave forsaken;
Soon His voice will call the dead awoken,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!
Towards the heavenly country we are steering,
Looking for Christ's glorious appearing,
Stingless death we are in no longer fearing,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!

Power to rise the Lord of life has given,
From Life's throne the monster death is driven,
All the way from Calvary to Heaven,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!
Parted friends will meet no more to sever,
Soldiers there will sing and shout forever,
With the Lord we're going to live forever,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!

—The late Colonel Pearson

Tune: "Tell it again"

In 'o The Army, one cold winter's night,
A poor drunkard strayed—such a
pitiful sight;
His gait was unsteady, his face pained
by sin,
But as he sat, list'ning, the Soldiers
did sing:
Chorus:
The sinner may come, the sinner may
come;
Jesus is calling for thee, weary one;
Do not delay, but repeat while you may;
Pardon is offered—is offered today.

His eyes filled with tears as he caught
the refrain,
Was it for him that the dear Lord
was slain?
Did He leave glory, his soul to redeem?
He wondered, as sweetly the Soldiers
did sing.

The angels in heaven that night did rejoice
Because that poor drunkard made Jesus
his choice;
The joy-bells of Heaven they loudly
did ring
As the folks at The Army together
did sing.

Night after night at his post he is found,
Telling to all how God's love doth abound;
Urging the sinners to give up their wrong,
And while they are list'ning, he sings
them this song.

—Lt.-Colonel E. Sims
(Reprinted from the Canadian "War Cry" of 1906)

Tune: "My Heavenly Father Watches Over Me"

No night is there—'tis one eternal day;
No sin or death—all crying gone for aye;
No pain or care—no sorrow there;
And God shall wipe all tears, all tears
away.

Tune: "Sailing o'er the ocean main"
Fighting, fighting on the narrow way,
The road is rough,
The fighting tough
But we shall win the day.

1979—William Carson. Age 38, single, red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farm laborer. British, last known address Brandon. Brother is the enquirer.
1961—Dennis Russell Jennings. Tall slender man, blue eyes, high cheek bones, age 32, last heard from about four years ago in Alaska. Brother anxious to locate.
1962—John Hampden Turnbull. Age 38, height 5 ft. 9 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Owing to gun accident lost use of left arm. Was a soldier in Canadian Army. Father, the Rev. Archibald Turnbull of Edinburgh was recently died and sister is anxious to let brother know.
1959—Knut E. Bondli. Norwegian, age 40, height about 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes, six years ago reported to be at Seattle, Washington, lumber camp. Brother Nels, Bagley, Sask. wishes to hear from him.
1951—John Kirkpatrick. Last heard of in 1913, was then at Cody, Wyo., had string of race horses. More or less shy. John is professor of school. Father died a few years ago. Belonged to Woodman of the World Lodge. Cousin, Mrs. Mattie McWilliams, anxious to hear from him.
1981—Robert Walker. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 1/2 in., slim build, fresh complexion, grey eyes, has mole on neck and scar under the eye on left cheek. Motor engineer by trade, also has knowledge of electrical work, is a free mason, missing since June 1927. Wife and children in Scotland extremely anxious to locate.

1194—Carl Oscar Anderson. Born in Jarpen, Sweden, age 42, tall, dark, always neat and proper. Wife has recently died and four children want to get in touch with their father. Brother making the enquirer anxious to locate.
1930—Karl Arvid Mattson. Swedish, age 64, medium height, blue eyes, missing since 1915. Has been sailor also worked in mines. Sister anxiously enquires.
1941—John Richardson. Age 32, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 160 lbs., black hair, grey eyes, Scotch Canadian, widower, occupation real estate, missing 20 years. Brother desires to locate him.
1977—Peter Larsen. Age 31, medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes, was for some time around Alberta, born in Denmark. Grandmother anxious to hear from him.
1965—Tom Murray. Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Scotch, blacksmith. Brother enquires.
1956—Hans Peter Hansen. Danish, age 35, medium height, brown hair and eyes, was working in saw mills, Canada enquirer.
1870—Knut Berger. One time was working at Willow Bend. Sister desires to locate.
1968—Arthur Kirk. Age 24, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair and complexion, engaged on land, England under care of Dr. Barnardo when ten. Mother enquires; anxious for him to return home.
1955—Jens Alsd Pedersen. Danish, age 42, last heard from in 1917. Was working as a shepherd for farmer by name of Henry, address unknown. Medium height, fair hair and blue eyes, father lost for news.
1963—Samuel Hay. Age 50, medium height, black hair, fair complexion, engaged in cycle trade, native of Evelham, England. Whilst there was a Salvation and worked in B.S.A. Cycle Works, Redditch. Came back to Canada in 1903. Sister enquires.
1942—John Richardson. Age 45, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Scotland. Served in Great War. Brother anxious to locate him.
1911—Richard Rogers. Age 50, height 5 ft. 10 in., very fair hair, light blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Warrington, England. Sister anxious for news.
1947—Thomas George Hopper. Age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Warrington, England, thought to be working in the iron and steel trade in Vancouver. Sister enquiring.
2001—Philip or Patrick McBride. The sister of this man is anxious to locate him. He is thought to be in Alaska. He is 6 ft. tall, sandy complexion, gold rimmed glasses, visited his home in New England State about 20 years ago. Then went back to Alaska.
1950—Thomas George Hopper. When last heard of was living at Glacier, B.C. age 40, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, very dark eyes, born in England. Sister enquires.
1948—Harry Davies. Age 53, height 5 ft. 5 in., medium brown hair, inclined to be bald on top. Last heard from at Jasper, Alta. Brother anxiously enquires.
1953—Steen W. Salomon. Wanted in case of inheritance, thought to be in Vancouver.
1953—Adolph H. Lassen. Danish, medium build, fair hair, blue eyes, Clark; wanted because of inheritance.
1953—Knut Johnson, or Kid Johnson. May go by name of Knut Johnson. Age 19, height 5 ft. 3 in., worked in lumber camps in Saskatchewan. Sister anxiously enquires.
1955—Carl Olaf Field Olsen. Age 19, tall, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from in 1926. Father very anxious to get in touch with him.
1974—Herbert Krimmel. Age 36, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, hazel eyes, was hunter on railway at Belfast, Ireland. Thought to be in Vancouver.

Important Announcements

LT.-COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

UNITED DIVISIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL
Winnipeg Amphitheatre Saturday, April 21st
MANITOBA DIVISION BANDSMEN'S COUNCILS
Training Garrison Auditorium Sunday, April 22nd

"DAY OF DEVOTION"

Training Garrison Auditorium Monday, April 23rd
(11 a.m.; 3 and 7.45 p.m.)

God Is Looking For You

Thus with the Lord God; Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out: As a Shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered: I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken.